messing about in BOATS

Volume 30 – Number 10

February 2013

Special Features This Issue

Paddling Solo Together – A Bank Clerk's Holiday
If You Really Don't Know Where You're Going...
King's Handbook of Boston Harbor
The Wreck of the *Yeraz 2* – *Zebra Dun*

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BOATS
29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906
Volume 30 – Number 10
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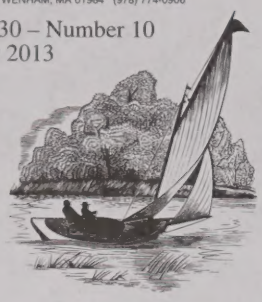

US subscription price is $32 for one year.Canadian / overseas subscription prices are available upon request
Address is 29 Burley St
Wenham, MA 01984-1043
Telephone is 978-774-0906
There is no machine
Editor and Publisher: Bob Hicks
Magazine production: Roberta Freeman
For subscription or circulation inquiries or problems, contact:
Jane Hicks at
maib.office@gmail.com

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

It's the first of the year here as I write this, this February issue is put together during December, a month that is tight for time because of the holiday distractions we have to contend with. These distractions in some of your lives make December the slowest month of the year here for incoming stories you send for us to share with all of you. This means I usually have to scratch around here for content but this year it has given me the opportunity to bring you a seven-page feature (on pages 25-31) from an 1888 guidebook, *Kings Handbook of Boston Harbor*. I have chosen one chapter about one of the Boston Harbor Islands (Peddocks) and scanned the text and illustrations right onto our pages to capture the essence of how waterborne tourism was promoted over a century ago. It was also a whole lot quicker than resetting all that text into our usual format.

Jim Wonnell of Merritt Island, Florida, sent the book to us along with this note:

"Please use this book or give it to someone (or to someplace) who won't read and toss. It has a lot of history I haven't seen anywhere else, beginning pre-1620." It is indeed, fascinating to read in the words and phrases of the time what people thought about their natural surroundings alongshore. I still have it here in my boating library, it's a keeper. I will loan it out should anyone be interested.

I read the whole book over a couple of weeks' evenings, a chapter at a time. It was of particular interest to me as it is about a place where I have paddled my kayak in bygone times (early 1990s). I felt it would reach out further afield geographically because its essence is applicable to other coastal boating areas up and down the Atlantic coast. All about experiencing the sights and sounds of a busy seaport/recreation area in a much simpler era, it may have appeal beyond its geographical locale. It may not be so appropriate for Pacific coasters. I've not seen much of that coast but gather it is not a lot like our Atlantic.

I got four more pages filled with a longish exerpt from *Dinghy Cruising*, the journal of the British Dinghy Cruising Association, this one also a look back in time. Editor Keith Muscott did what I have in turn done, reprinted a 1931 log of a member's father's summer cruise in an open yacht. I find the British outlook on sailing in small open boats quite adventurous, given their demanding coastal waters. Keith commented in the introduction (which begins on page 20):

"This account is a historical document which I do not intend to contaminate with a commentary running alongside of it, full of modern hindsight." He goes on to state that he has added such contemporary comment (about the boats mostly) following the article. Like Keith, I like to read the story in the words of the writers in their own times, so I chose to not reprint that part but let the original story stand on its own in its 1931 ambiance. If you choose to read the story you'll enjoy this scene set at its end (which I particularly enjoyed):

"Three dirty, unshaven sailormen rowed ashore in the dinghy and with sighs of regret threw off their oilskins, blue 'ganseys' and the remainder of their seagoing kit. Nine hours later three city clerks walked on the ferry boat, complete with linen collars, subdued ties and bowler hats."

How many of you have experienced that timeless feeling of regret at the end of an adventure holiday when the workaday world lay in waiting with all its necessary but humdrum demands? In my younger motorcycle racing days I did so almost every Sunday night, April through November, enroute home from that day's racing action with my fellow enthusiasts. It came to pass that I just couldn't take it anymore, so I quit that humdrum workaday world and threw myself into my sport as a way of life. After 24 years of getting away with that it was real easy to segue into my new enthusiasm, small boats as a way of life, now 30 years along and still on a roll.

Coming back to today for content in this issue I was fortunate to have Dan Rogers' tale (four pages starting on page 34) of what resulted when he started out to build a boat not knowing where he was going, and Dave Lucas' essay on launching his elegant old timey launch *Helen Marie* (three pages starting on page 38).

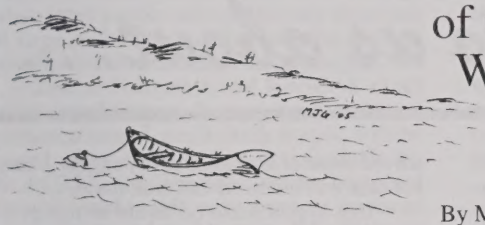
Helping to close the page gap, Brenda Zollitsch's three-page essay of appreciation for her dad's teachings over years of paddling with him will grab any of you with daughters. We should all be so lucky as Reinhard!

And so this issue filled up. I don't choose what to bring you solely on word count but it's helpful when word count adds up to fill the pages and still provides an enjoyable read. Lotsa short tales are always welcome, of course, so those of you so inclined towards brevity keep them coming also.

On the Cover...

This isn't the boat that Dan Rogers started out to build late last fall and why it isn't is a long story, which Dan regales us with in this issue starting on Page 34, "If You Really Don't Know Where You're Going..."

From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman
Constantwaterman.com

Another Monday and not expected to get up to freezing today. We're closing in our workspace at the shop in order to heat it. On days such as this, a little heat comes in handy. I've been reduced to supernumerary: there is scarcely work for one at this point; the rush to launch boats is months away. I shouldn't complain; it allows me time for illustrating my book.

What a learning experience this has been! Aside from a bit of desultory sketching years ago, a few drafting lessons from my father, and a summer class in watercolors at age twelve, I haven't any background in illustrating. Except that I'm fairly visual, and have always sketched out projects in my machine shop.

I'm adept in the simpler forms of mechanical drawing, but three dimensional curved surfaces cost me a lot in erasers. A bird in flight is far more difficult for me than a bridge or a building. The curve of a hull or a sail sometimes daunting. The anatomy of beast and boat is the study of many hours.

Perspective I understand; shading I understand – it's a matter of practice; reflections on the water I like to think I understand. A moving surface, such as the sea, can be depicted a number of different ways. I own a large book: the history of art in illustration. Here I study technique. Dark and light, thick lines and thin, straight lines or curved; composition, emphasis, and focus. Eventually, I'll have a style of my own. For now, I get by whatever way I can. I'm good enough to impress the general public; an artist would critique my drawings to tatters.

I ought to take some classes, or join a workshop. If I get busier, I won't have time to work at a "real" job. Or, I can take the easy way out and buy myself a camera. A photographer would declaim about the art and craft required to make good pictures. I agree there is much to know, but taking twenty shots of your subject can't help but result in something as good as what I now produce with half a day's work.

Composition is far more readily solved with film; walk to the left or the right ten steps and take a few more shots. Come back when the sun and clouds are more propitious. Making ten sketches to find the one most pleasing, then finishing one to perfection is a labor. I work in pencil, making draft after draft, until I achieve what I want. Eventually, I'll cut my time in half. For now, it takes me many days work to produce a handful of pictures.

We had our anthology party this past Saturday. The members of The Writers' Circle workshops contributed short pieces for this anthology. Although my memoirs were not considered professional enough for such a work, my poetry passed muster. They had some "professional" writers read for a while. Then we went for coffee and chatted and signed one another's books. Both the couples we went with had spent a good deal of time in Nova Scotia. One couple has owned a summer cottage there for twenty years.

Now we're thinking of taking Paula's summer vacation to go there and see how we like it. Another change in our lives looms upon the horizon. Winter there will undoubtedly be more arduous than here. Perhaps we can have just a cottage for the summers. If nothing else, it should be a good investment. If the earth warms up, the property will certainly become more attractive; already, the winters are milder everywhere.

A sailing trip to Cape Breton Island and back again might make a book in itself. Perhaps I can arrange to sell books on the way. "Parnassus on Wheels" I always find idyllic. "Parnassus Under Sail" might be a career I could learn to like. Imagine reading and signing books from Cape Breton Island all the way to the Keys. Sailing and writing – and making a living at it!

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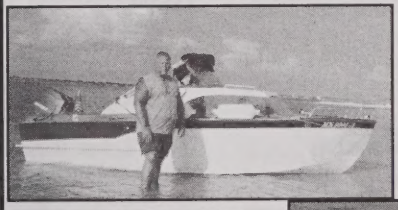
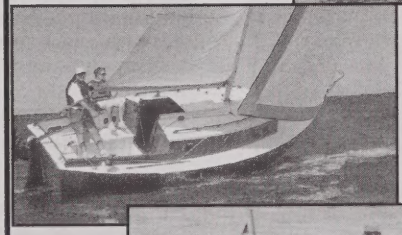


"Not in my wildest dreams could I imagine this when I started the boat" –Bob

I will NEVER build another boat unless it's a Glen-L design." –Kevin



"Your plans for the Amigo are remarkable. Very complete & accurate." –Mark

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You write to us about...

Information of Interest...

CRAB Director Wins Award

Chesapeake Region Accessible Boating of Annapolis, Maryland, is pleased to announce that Don Backe, founder and longtime Executive Director and force behind CRAB is a finalist for the "Maritime Hero of the Year Award USA." This prestigious national award is co-sponsored by US Sailing, an association serving the racing community, and Old Pulteney Single Malt Scotch Whiskey. The award recognizes persons who have made noteworthy contributions to the sailing community.

Thousands of persons with disabilities, their families and friends, have experienced the joy of sailing because of Don. A two-hour sail after hospitalization, following a car accident severing his spinal cord, convinced Don that anything was possible with adaptive devices. He had been a sailor and racer for years and wanted to bring sailing to the physically disabled, the blind and mentally challenged.

Persons with disabilities throughout the Chesapeake Bay have had the opportunity to sail for pleasure and to race because of Don's commitment and the support he gets from the marine industry, yacht and boating organizations and many volunteers.

For more information Google Chesapeake Region Accessible Boating.

CRAB, Annapolis, MD

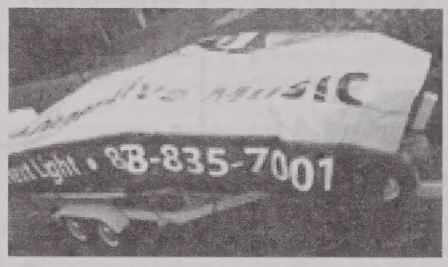
East End Classic Boat Society Raffle Winner

The raffle boat winner, drawn during our East End Classic Boat Society's Holiday Open House on December 15 in Amagansett, New Yori, was Glenn Kittren (left) of Springs in East Hampton, New York, pictured here with Tom Rosko of Southampton, group leader of the volunteers who built the Swampscott dory in 2012 at our Community Boat Shop. A new trailer and pair of oars went with the boat. The raffle is a fundraiser for our East End Classic Boat Society. The society wishes to thank all who purchased raffle tickets. Raffle ticket purchases help support the mission of the organization: small wooden boat building.

Construction has begun on the 2013 raffle boat, a Goeller dinghy, a boat that can be rowed or sailed and is capable of taking a small motor. You are invited to observe the building of the Goeller dinghy at the Community Boat Shop in Amagansett any Wednesday or Saturday from 9am to 2pm.

East End Classic Boat Society, Amagansett, NY, www.eecbs.org

Repurposed Materials of Use to Boaters



Advertising billboard vinyl, fire hose and swimming pool covers have all been given a second life, or "repurposed," for the boating community. Advertising billboard vinyl is repurposed as protective boat covers. Decommissioned fire hoses are repurposed as dock bumpers and previously used swimming pool covers get second lives as sun shade screens on larger boats.

Repurposing not only adds useful life to the materials by keeping them out of the landfill, but it also provides our customers with sustainable products that do the job at a cost savings 50%-75% over purchasing new.

RepurposedMATERIALS is dedicated to providing both economic and environmental solutions through this repurposing. While traditional recycling involves re-manufacturing processes, mass participation and a lot of energy, repurposing gives used products a new life without having to change them at all.

www.repurposedmaterialsinc.com finds materials that can no longer be used in their original industry and makes them available for consumers to resourcefully re-use in different applications.

Ethanol in Gas

I imagine that many readers have already found ethanol in gas creates problems for small motors that are run infrequently, like outboards. Google "fueltesters.com" and you should find a site that gives a great deal of information on this subject. It's good stuff to know.

A very brief synopsis is that ethanol loves to absorb water and given a chance will absorb a lot of water which will sit at the bottom of the gas tank from where it will find its way into your engine. I'll not even attempt to explain "phase separation" here, but you will find it on the website. Ethanol also is corrosive to many parts used in small engines. It has dissolved some of the inside of my engine's internal tank and rendered that tank useless.

It is important to be aware of this problem with 10% ethanol in the gas. In New Jersey it is illegal to sell gas without ethanol. The 10% is soon going to be 15%, which will exacerbate the problems.

Suggestions, in brief: buy gas from a busy station. It might help to buy 89 octane or better. A stabilizer (NOT alcohol based) will help. Do not count on gas that's more than a month old.

I present this short version, hopefully with a reasonable degree of accuracy. I strongly recommend going to fuel-testers.com or other sources on this subject. It won't make you happy, but it help avoid major expenses.

John S. Smith, Hamilton NJ

One Way Drill Bit

I bought one of those new one way drill bits for drilling a hole from inside the hull so the water will leak out but not in. You have to be sure with these to not drill in from the outside.

Edward Bourgeois, Hudson, MA

Information Wanted...

Name for a Man Owning too Many Boats

A recent posting from the UK that I received stated as follows:

"I currently own three boats 23', 14', 9', total length 46', but I have heard of people with up to 16 boats, total length 260'. This is a common affliction it seems. I would also be interested in hearing stories from blokes who are suffering from this and if they have any strategies that can help them to put it behind them."

Well, I guess it's not possible to both read this and not laugh. Obviously, if this were a prosecutable offense, as it most likely will soon be, craigslist would cease to be a rational market place with massive "dumping."

Anyhow, I'm "down" to only 12 boats that call me Dad at the moment, for a modest 147'. Of course, none of these can spend the year in the water and all must be gotten from here to there with a not insignificant effort, etc.

I took a walk down memory lane and only could remember a total of 32 boats that I had registered as owner. There have been multitudes that I either had the use of, or responsibilities for. But the official grand total is a rather unassuming 560 nominal feet on deck.

Dan Rogers, Newport, WA

Opinions...

What America's Cup Means to Us

In one year America's Cup AC72 races will be taking place in San Francisco Bay. Using 72' catamarans, with wing sails, these boats will be capable of sailing at 1.6x true wind speed. With extensive TV coverage, this will be a very exciting event for showcasing sailing as a sport.

However, within the multihull community I have heard conflicting views. Some

people are afraid that these boats will solidify the view of multihull sailors being fringe sailors or scare people away from sailing, while other people believe that any showcase of large multihulls and their abilities will be beneficial to the multihull community.

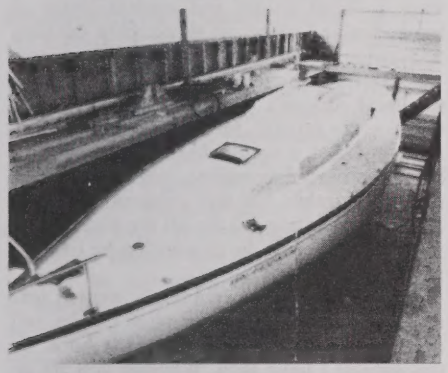
Just as Formula 1 and NASCAR don't scare people away from driving and performance cars, I don't think people will be scared away from sailing or multihulls by the AC72 boats. The chaos on the boats and the epic crashes will only serve to get more people interested in the sport. I do think we will need to explain that this is merely showing what is possible and not necessarily the norm. This is especially true for us at Wind Rider, where we emphasize our boats as being comfortable, stable and easy to sail.

Even if we have to spend more time explaining our boats, America's Cup will get the conversation started and that is a good thing.

Dean Sanberg, Wind Rider International, Minneapolis, MN, www.windrider.com

Projects...

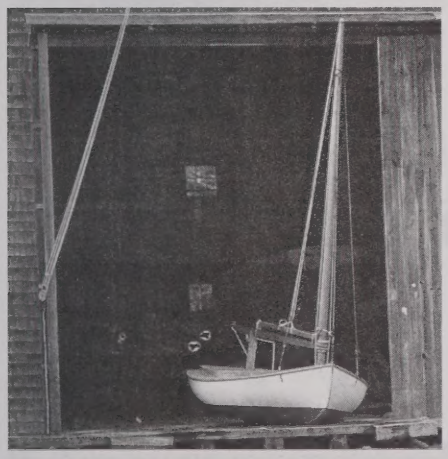
A Long Skinny Powerboat



This picture is of my 1960 Rhodes Swiftsure 33, down to bare wood last spring. I'm toying with the idea of a long skinny powerboat with a warm glass house for winter.

Joel Greene, Kettle Falls, WA, joelverde@gmail.com

Entering My 37th Year



Greetings from my boat shop to you and yours. All's well here, now about to enter my 37th year of boat building under my own banner. To date, 200 Swampscott dories and 478 Melonseeds and counting.

Roger Crawford, Crawford Boat Building, Humarock, MA

Trying to Live My Dreams

I am still building a 19' Bolger dory and still playing with motorcycles. Trying live my dreams keeps me pretty busy. To top it off my daughter is getting married this coming spring and for a wedding present she wants me to build her a rowboat so she can read while her husband fishes. I thought I had raised her better than that! I know what I will be working on this winter.

Jon DeGroot, Darison, MI

This Magazine...

Dad Was Proud to be a Contributor

I have been hearing about *Messing about in Boats* for a lot of years and now on the anniversary of my Dad, Jim Thayer's, death, it seemed an appropriate time to write to thank you for re-running many of his articles over the last year. I have really enjoyed rereading them. Mom has been passing them on to all of us kids.

Dad was very proud of being a contributing writer for your publication and would bring out the most recent to show when one would come out. Your generosity in re-running the articles was like having Dad back for a short time as I remembered back with each story.

As someone's child you never think of your parents as being individuals in their own right and really having a separate life other than being your parents. I was always very proud of Dad, but only with his death did I realize just how many lives he had touched and just how many really good friends he had made over the years. He was always so quiet and reserved in so many ways, it is nice to know that other people got to know the real Jim Thayer, the one who had a quick wit and dry sense of humor, the one who was always up for an adventure.

Maria Thayer Kelley, Grand Junction, CO

Only Once in a While?

Once in a while *MAIB* has a bullseye issue, like in September. Mandell's workboat is a fisherman's ideal, plenty of solid wood where you can cut bait and your salami sandwich. 2"x6" rub rails, nice when you bump along a varnish bright, virginal white yacht and say, "Oh, I beg your pardon!" Also 1"x4" chines and ¾" doubled plywood transom, etc. That's a boat I would like to read more about from Mandell and his builder.

Something I would like to see more often: Steve Lapey in his canoe trip reports mentions the names of the canoes they used, great. Why not? The canoes made the trip possible!

Jordan's list of essential boatshop equipment alongside Winer Malone's building his classics by hand with hand tools in the Bahamas, made me chuckle!

Does anyone still use Weldwood Plastic Resin Glue, a powder mixed with water? I used it many years ago, called a lot of suppliers, they remember it, but no got. I'll have to find their home office. My wife wants me to refasten a Windsor Arm Chair, all spindles.

Stan Marcocki, Port Washington, NY

Still Missing Robb White

I do still miss Robb White (and now Phil Bolger). I sent Rescue Minor plans from *Motor Boating Series #41* to Robb long ago, Robb thanked me and carried it through, so you and I got something started here.

Clyde Price, Hurst, TX

Hurricane Sandy Reports...

Hurricane Sandy and the *Captain Adams*

There's nothing like a hurricane to end a season. Following our last sail on the gundalow *Piscataqua* the crew and volunteers lowered the yard, unbent the sail and secured her with extra docklines and an anchor at her normal berth in Prescott Park in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. We are happy to report she weathered the storm with no problems.

On the gundalow *Captain Edward H Adams* at Great Bay Discovery Center we also lowered the yard, unbent the sail and set out an extra anchor, but the strong northeast wind across Great Bay was more of a problem. On the rising tide around noon on Monday her stern anchors dragged, pushing her against the rocks at the boat ramp. Our executive director, captain and chair of the vessels committee were all present and decided we were better off getting the vessel to a flat spot to the west of the ramp and used the bow lines to shore to bring her to a softer landing on high ground.

The result was that the *Adams* was resting safely in a muddy flat spot and not on any rocks that could do serious hull damage. At Great Bay Discovery Center she is usually moored with lines and anchors to float for half the tide and rest in the mud for half the tide. After the passage of Hurricane Sandy she was resting flat in the mud at all tides and it would take another very high tide to float her back off.

On November 15 we were able to tow the *Adams* off the mud and back to her winter berth in Portsmouth. While she was grounded, with the help of a dedicated group of volunteers, we cleaned and caulked the bottom, lightened the vessel (including putting the long spar over the side to float separately) and made plans for the towing effort. In the end it took six anchors, a truck pulling through turning blocks on shore, Steve Root of Portsmouth Harbor Tow and the new gundalow *Piscataqua* with her 230hp engine used as another tug.

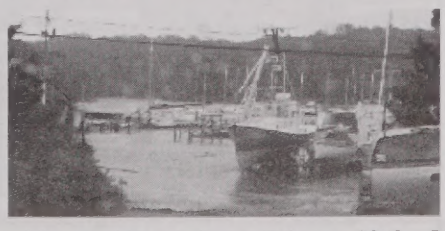
The *Adams* came off the mud bank within five minutes of the highest spring tide of the month and we had a new nickname for the new gundalow, the "gunda-tow!" Both vessels are back in Prescott Park under winter covers and none the worse for wear. Thank you to all who participated in this huge effort!

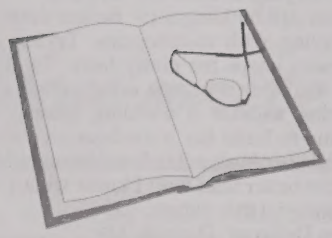
Captain Matt Glenn, The Gundalow Company, Portsmouth, NH

Arey's Pond Survives Mother Nature's October Surprise

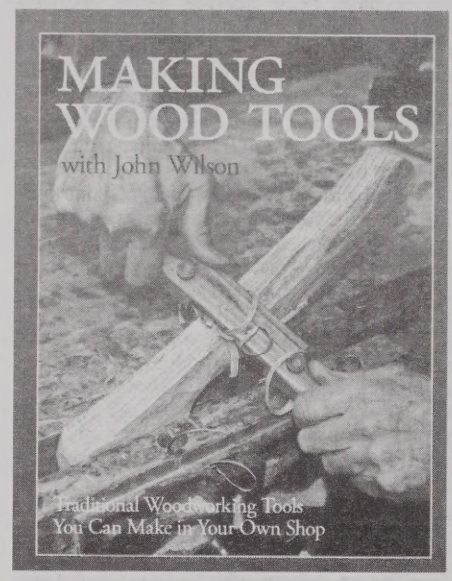
Our boatyard here in Orleans on outer Cape Cod took a pounding with high winds, heavy rain and tidal flooding brought on by tropical storm Sandy, but the office building's new flood prevention system proved to be worth the investment! Despite 3' waves lapping at the barriers, only a small amount of water seeped into the reception area.

Tony Davis, Arey's Pond Boat Yard, Orleans, MA





Book Review



Making Wood Tools

With John Wilson
Home Shop Books
www.ShakerOvalBox.com
Reviewed by Warren Jordan

The making of wooden hand tools, and their use in the traditional woodshop, has been the common element of all craftsmen up through the 18th and 19th centuries until fairly recently. Such "tools of the trade" often were designed on the spot for a specific practical application, could easily last a lifetime and, in the hands of a master craftsman, turned out incredible work. But by the 1960s much of this heritage and the mindset critical to its future were lost with the advent of small power tools. Gone also were most of the sources of supply for traditional hand tools and related hardware.

Gone, but recently re-energized by men like John Wilson and others who valued the legacy of their forefathers and helped create a revival of these arts and trades. Wilson was trained as a residential carpenter but became involved in the academic world, teaching at various colleges and universities, and ultimately ending up in woodworking, reviving the lessons of fine craftsmanship passed down through his father. He has been teaching woodworking classes for 23 years, with much of that centered around The Home Shop, which he founded in Charlotte, Michigan in 1988.

In his book, Mr Wilson guides the reader through the construction of many of the hand tools that comprise a well-equipped wood shop, including block, chisel, compass, jack, scrub, smoothing, router and travisher planes, as well as a spokeshave, hand adze, scrapers and a cabinetmaker's bow saw. But Mr Wilson goes far beyond the essential basics of making wood tools in this book. For each tool he provides:

- A brief anecdotal history of the design, development and uses, including a discussion of the specific function of each tool and how the form evolved through work requirement. Necessity is, after all, the mother of invention.
- A list of woods and dimensions required to fabricate the core block and all parts.
- Detailed step-by-step procedures for fabricating the wooden body and associated wedges and abutments, all richly illustrated with precise drawings and clear color photos throughout. The key to making most of these planes is the three-piece body which allows precise angled pieces to be easily cut from the core for the blade block and fore block. These are sandwiched between two side pieces using a simple alignment board for foolproof and accurate assembly.
- Hardware items including blade and screw adjustment mechanisms.
- Step-by-step instructions on shaping the blade from tool steel and heat treating and tempering for ideal hardness.
- Sharpening procedures to achieve a precision cutting edge.
- Clear and concise commentary on adjusting and fine tuning the tool for optimum performance.

The next step in the process is making the cutting iron, starting with a tool steel blank that can be purchased from one of the sources listed in the appendix. These come in annealed condition for ease of shaping by saws, files and drills. Mr Wilson now patiently guides us through the blade making process with his usual thorough, well-illustrated explanation of all the processes, including procedures for hardening and tempering. And, of course, the fashioning of the cutting blades for these tools would not be complete without a primer on sharpening, which Mr Wilson includes, complete with more of his excellent photos and illustrations.

Making objects with hand tools often requires considerable time and effort, even when using razor sharp blades, so the next vital piece of equipment featured in this book is a user friendly workbench. Hand tool work is best and most comfortably done on a workbench that is somewhat taller, longer and narrower than the usual models, and Mr Wilson provides fully illustrated design and construction specifications for his favorite style of workbench.

A number of other accessories for enhancing the workplace are also featured in the book, including a saw bench and shop stool, a sawhorse for dovetailing, a dovetail vise, a chisel holder and several styles of toolboxes and totes, all thoroughly detailed with color photos and construction drawings.

And, if the main body of this outstanding book doesn't provide enough instruction for the novice, Mr Wilson includes, as a parting shot, a comprehensive summary of all the projects, complete with design elements, materials list and construction steps and even a cutting list for all the parts of the workbench, and at the conclusion he lists his sources of supplies.

With 244 pages of clearly written text and hundreds of full color photographs and detailed drawings, this is the best book on this subject I have seen. Whether you are an "armchair craftsman or a shop dust veteran," you will thoroughly enjoy *Making Wood Tools with John Wilson.*

(***Making Wood Tools,*** by John Wilson. Veteran toolmaker and teacher John Wilson brings us what may be both the most beautiful book of the year as well as the most useful. Interesting stories, innovative designs and detailed plans introduce you to the age old art of making for yourself the tools you use in your shop for working wood. 275 photos and 50 drawings. See our website ShakerOvalBox.com for a preview of the book. Call John at (517) 543-5325 and mention you are a subscriber to *MAIB* and receive $10 off the $39.95 price.
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Paddling Solo Together

Lessons Learned From a Paddling Dad

By Brenda M. Zollitsch

Many of you know my father, a certain well-traveled, hard-paddling man who writes fascinating articles about his canoeing adventures. He writes about trip planning, long paddling expeditions, and nautical history. Well, this year, as I finished a journey of my own at the age of 42, I have realized how many of my Dad's lessons that he taught me while we were paddling together have also helped guide me in my life. We have raced together, canoe camped together, and these days usually paddle two solo canoes side-by-side together exploring the Maine coast when our busy lives allow.

Realizing there was a growing list of these lessons floating around in my head, I started to write them down for myself. And once I wrote them down, they began to seem like really useful lessons, ones to which any paddler might relate or benefit from. So, with great love and respect for my Dad (who has not read this before I submitted it), a shared passion with you for being out on the water, and with the knowledge that good lessons are just that… I humbly share with you a few of the gems I have learned from my Dad:

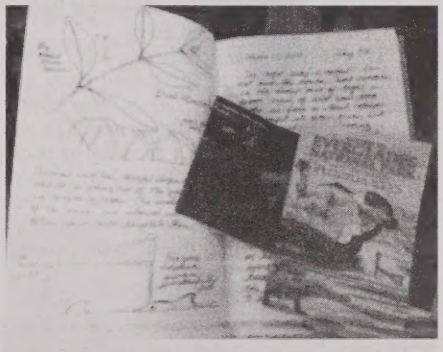
Always Start Your Day with Oatmeal

My Dad always cooks us oatmeal to start the day when we go canoe camping together. As a result, I have become a great believer in the power of oatmeal. It's really about the importance of taking the measured time on your travels to fortify and prepare your body and mind for the day. But somehow, for me, I think it's also the mystical power of oatmeal itself. It warms, it soothes, it energizes, it POWERS. We need more things like oatmeal in or lives. While the urban jungle may not be as intense as a stormy day paddling against the tide up a mangrove-lined river or paddling a marathon race, surely before an important presentation, before an eighteen hour work day, before defending your research, fortification is a very good thing. Don't start your day on empty. There are great benefits to investing in yourself and your day. Have a bowl of oatmeal power, whether literally or just in spirit, before pushing off on your own adventure!

Take the Time to Plan Properly

Growing up, my Dad always talked about preparation. Plan ahead. Think about contingencies. Spend the time to prevent accidents while on the water. Use your head. As I grew older, I began to realize the benefits of this advice --- that I truly could plan away a good portion of avoidable issues. If you program your mind to think about different contingencies and scenarios, you can be ready for them. This means more than knowing how to Eskimo roll a kayak.

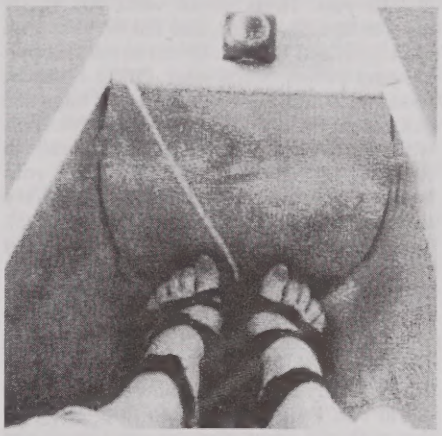
On the water, it means knowing when the tides work for your trip, looking at the weather and wearing the right clothes, making sure you have your map marked and handy, knowing alternative take out points, having first aid training and equipment, and bringing materials to fix your equipment if you break something. It also means having a plan you share with others about when to expect you where and what to do if you don't show up there by an established time, or even miss check-ins on a cell or satellite phone. The lesson is that to avoid grounding out, tipping over, or taking on water, you need to think strategically in life. This doesn't mean there won't be a rogue wave that catches up with you, but it means that life can be a little less stressful if you plan ahead, take into consideration what could go wrong, and take precautions.



Know Where You are Going

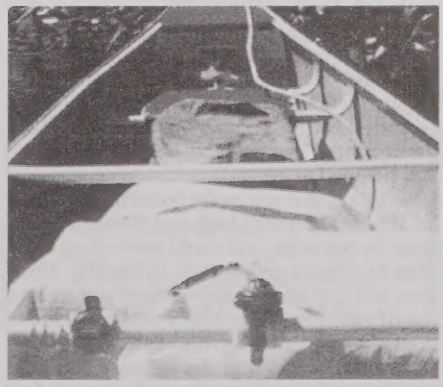
My Dad is a chart man. In his spare time, when not on the water or working hard (and especially during the winter months), he enjoys exploring intriguing nautical charts. My Dad's chart reading has always taught me that it takes measured steps to get where you want to go. In my mind I see him walking his protractor along charts in 25-27 mile increments to show me how many days he will be gone on a trip. He always taught me: Make sure you can take out where you want to. Think about the history along the way and learn about it before you get there so you know what to look for. Understand that the place you are headed has meant many things to different people throughout history. And figure out what YOU want to get out of your trip.

In life, it is possible to stumble upon amazing things, to find things along your path that you had never even dreamed of. But knowing what you are looking for and being open to what a place or situation has to offer has served me well over time. I have seen firsthand the value of creating a map for yourself or your institution, laying out steps to get there, understanding the history of a situation or institution, and taking the time to understand what it means for those whom it involves and/or affects. By taking big tasks in increments and focusing on one step at a time, you can make big things happen on the water and off.



Adjust Your Compass

My Dad has always explained to me that you need to adjust your compass based on where you are in the world. He would share different scenarios about a geographic location and calculations to establish true north, rather than where your compass pointed to north. I believe that I was guilty of a lot of nodding and less actual comprehension for many years. But this lesson could not have been more critical. Just because you have a compass doesn't mean it automatically tells you correctly where to go. If you are headed across open water and navigating by compass, not making the appropriate adjustment for geography may mean that you simply miss the point of land you were headed for altogether. This could not be more true for life and work as well! If you don't take into consideration social, economic, political, interpersonal adjustments that reflect where you are, you're destined to arrive off-mark. You have to understand what adjustments you need to make to tools, "standard operating procedures" and advice in order to use them effectively. What works for one person in their life or organization, surely does not guarantee the same results in yours. Doing the math to adjust your compass properly could make a critical difference about where you arrive and what shape you're in when you do.



Never Pack Above the Gunwales

My Dad has a pet peeve. It's the overloaded canoe that looks like a rounded hippopotamus above the gunwales. I have been witness to him sharing this sage advice with hapless overloaded paddlers that were past the packing point of no return. When you're in the wilderness, leave the 10-six-pack plastic cooler, 12 fishing rods, tent the size of Rhode Island and your brother's BBQ pit at home. In wind or waves, you're going to be struggling to keep that boat upright. It's all about physics, but I'll let him explain that to you. Think about what you really need to be safe, warm, and fed on your trip. Pack light and limited. Invest in polypropylene and proper water gear. Bring compact food and fluids. Pack in waterproof bags and store them tightly below the gunwales. This way you have full use of the entire space in front of and behind you, the weight of your boat is as minimal as possible (you will have tears of gratefulness in rough conditions), and you can handle waves over the side if such a scenario occurs.

The life lesson, however, is about stuff...about baggage. In life, we all collect and bring along so much STUFF --- physical and emotional. When I would pack for long trips with my Dad I used to think, how in the world can I survive with so little STUFF? But with the right clothes, equipment and food packed, I have to admit (against my own concerns) that I always had what I needed. Today, with a family, work and school, I have had to learn to prioritize what I bring where. And while it's good to always be prepared, it's also good to take a look at what we can actually leave behind to lighten the load when things get rough and life's baggage starts to rise above the gunwales.

Don't Rely on GPS

These days it's all too easy to become overly reliant on technology and quick fixes. My Dad has refused to get on the GPS bandwagon. This may seem antiquated, but his map and compass approach is not about rejecting technology and progress, it's about being able to get yourself out of situations with the least reliance on something that could fail you as possible. When you're navigating around a big bay in a fog bank and your GPS strap slips and goes diving with the fishes, your battery charge light betrays you or your screen malfunctions, it's nice to still know where you are and how to get where you planned to go.

This is true across the board in life. I have an iPhone5, a GPS, high-end computer software for my work, and social networking identities to connect with friends and family. However, it is important to know where you are on a map if you're traveling with a volatile car full of tired kids and the GPS gives you bad directions. You should know how the software works so you know if it is doing the math wrong. And surely, you should get together to laugh about your life over a cup of something warm as often as possible, instead of relying on a tweet or an instant message to keep your relationships deep and meaningful. Keep up with the technology and use it, just don't solely rely on it.

Push off Early, Arrive by Noon

Once we've had that oatmeal, my Dad always pushes onwards – it's time to pack up and get on the water. It's so easy to lounge around with the morning beverage, looking at the beautiful, still water and enjoying listening to the birds having their morning conversations. As someone who truly enjoys smelling the roses, I can tell you that there is a price to pay for that leisure. Anyone who is on the water a lot knows that the wind always seems to kick up in the early afternoon and gets downright unpleasant on tired arms the later in the day it gets. That glasslike water will often develop offending whitecaps by 2 pm. So, if you want to relax ---get up, pack up, push off, paddle, GET THERE, and THEN relax. When paddling with my Dad, this often means getting up by 6:30 am and off at the very latest by 8am. But it also means that we're at our destination before the wind builds and lounging in our tent or on a beach for an entire afternoon of fun. This also allows for the most wildlife viewing, as most birds and other creatures feed in the early morning and nap in the afternoon. It also gives one time to troubleshoot before dark, should something go awry.

This is true in everyday life too. When I push myself to get things started early and right, the stress on the other side is often greatly reduced. I may not feel like printing all my documents the day before a meeting or packing lunches and laying out my children's school clothes the night before, but it sure makes things easier the next morning and allows other issues to occur without ruining the day. By pushing hard early, it may be possible to beat some of life's wind to the far shore.

Given the Chance to Sit It Out or Dance, Just Dance

My Dad danced with me to "It's a Wonderful World" at my wedding. He can waltz or polka with the best of them. In a canoe or outrigger, we refer to dancing as balancing on sizable waves as we paddle and especially feeling swells come up from behind our boats, rolling under and out to the front, as the canoe seesaws and eventually surfs down wave swells. There is a lot of what I would call "faith" that one has to have when dancing in a boat --- faith in your boat, in your knowledge of how water moves and in your own skills. I used to be really afraid of paddling in these kinds of waves. I could feel my own nerves ripple down the sides of the Kevlar boat. But with age and trust in myself, I have learned to let go a little, to have faith in my own abilities and enjoy that moment when you know you're not in complete control.

With faith in my own skills, I became a Registered Maine Guide and run rafting trips on Maine's Class IV and V rivers. And while my Dad is the master paddler, in back of that raft it's me, my own skills and judgment guiding my crew safely on their whitewater adventure. Don't get intimidated by others who have more experience. In life, you are often faced with new opportunities and challenges. There is a song that says if you are given a chance to sit it out or dance, just dance. Whether a new job, relationship, trip, skill-building opportunity, or way of thinking, if you know in your heart that you have the ability to do or learn how to do something (but you're nervous)... I have learned to from my Dad to take the bull by the horns, the paddle in your hands, and just dance!

Be Willing to Take a Wind Day

While taking calculated risks is sometimes okay, my Dad also taught me from a young age about the importance of being prudent. And he doesn't just preach it. He practices it. For all my Dad's intensity, drive and skill, he still knows that sometimes he has to take what we call a "wind day." This is a scheduled trip day that has to be canceled due to bad weather conditions. Now, this doesn't mean that if there is a chill in the air or some drizzle or a few small waves, that you should freak out and stay ashore. What it means is that when conditions are truly unsafe that there is no shame in taking a shore day and making up the time on the other end. There are conditions on the water that an open boater should not venture out into.

And in life this is deeply true as well. It's hard to cancel or change direction on some of the things we want in life, whether a relationship that's not working, a project that's heading for a cliff, or a job that looks right but that you know in your heart is wrong for you. It's really hard, especially when you feel like you are strong and brave, to have the strength to say, "not me, not today," but it's a good lesson and I am grateful he has shown me so by example.

Just Keep Paddling and Eventually You Will Get There

My Dad takes on almost unimaginable paddling distances on many of his expedi-

tions ---in some cases, over a thousand miles in one trip. When I first started taking week-long canoeing trips with my Dad, I found it really challenging that he would paddle with a fast stroke for an hour or more at a time without breaking cadence. Being his bow paddler, this meant that I would have to as well. He said you have to keep paddling if you want to get there. If you keep taking breaks, it will just take longer and hurt more. However much this advice was challenging, it was also true.

Having just completed my doctorate, I can surely attest to the fact that it is that drudging work every day that gets one to the finish line. In life, developing a skill, learning a language, completing a complex analysis, getting back in shape…it's all about just keeping the momentum going. If you stop, if you delay the inevitable work, it will just take you longer. Every paddle stroke gets you closer to your goal. And if you get into your head and breathe with the paddle strokes like your paddle is an extension of your lungs, there is a true Zen-like joy that comes from that hard, hard work. If you just keep paddling, sooner than you could imagine, you will arrive.

Always Pack Your Polys and Pull Your Boat Above the High Tide Line

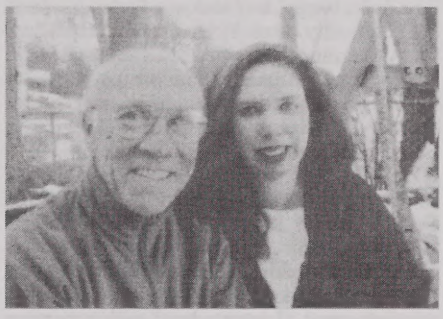
There are a few rules that you learn immediately when paddling with my Dad. These apply to everyone, including him. They boil down to being prepared and not taking lightly the powers of nature. One of these is: Make sure you have polypropylene long underwear along and rain gear available. No matter what the weather forecast said, it could still rain. Even a threeminute downpour on a relatively warm day with a light breeze can lead to hypothermia on the water.

As a Registered Maine Guide who guides rafts on Maine's whitewater rivers, I cannot tell you how often I have to remind paddlers to leave the cotton at home and protect against the draining combination of being wet, wearing the wrong clothes and getting chilled by that seemingly ever-present light breeze. In the same way nature can be unpredictable, it is also relentlessly predictable in other ways, like tides. The tide will come in and it will go out. Don't get caught with the tide taking your boat as a party favor as it heads out to sea for the night. Knowing in life that there are certain things you can and can't control is a critical lesson. You can prepare, at least to some extent, for both. Most importantly, perhaps, is being emotionally prepared for both the inevitable and unexpected things in one's personal life. By being prepared, you become more resilient and, consequently, more open to possibility.

If It was Easy, Everyone Would Do It

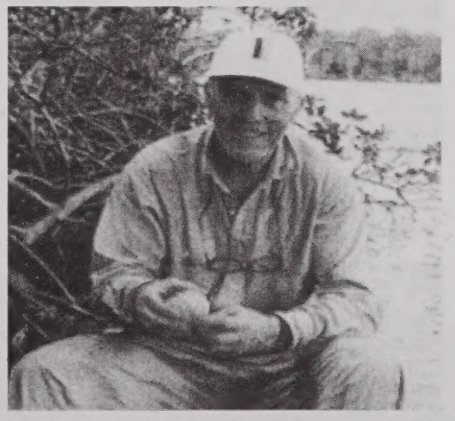
My Dad completes wildly long and challenging paddling trips. He goes places that many people would never even consider traveling or paddling. It's not easy, but he does it because it is meaningful to him personally. He loves the challenge, the feeling of being in his boat, of seeing new things, of learning about places, and simply the joy being on the water.

Whatever one's passion, whether it be paddling in an exciting new location, writing a book, earning a degree, learning a new skill or taking any kind of challenging journey, it applies – if it was easy, everyone would do it. I take away from his example not that everyone should become an expedition paddler, but that everyone should strive to follow their passion. If it was easy, everyone would do it. Find what your "it" is, and find your way there, however many paddle strokes it takes to get there. When you do, the view will be magnificent.



Share Your Stories

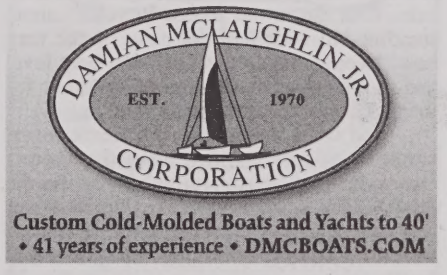
Another lesson I have learned by his example is to share your stories. My father writes up most of his travels and shares them through publications, presentations and on his website. What I have seen is astounding. People LOVE to hear his stories. People want to know his experiences, to learn about what he has seen and learned… to feel like they were part of it. And for those who have no chance of being where he goes or doing the things that he does, they love to live those experiences through his stories. I love to hear about my Dad's trips. You, too, have something to share. It might not be about paddling, or it might. Sharing more than one line on a computer is a slowly fading art form. There is an inner story that you were meant to share. Go live it, find your voice and share it.



Spend Time with Your Dad

The final lesson I want to share with you is perhaps the most important one. It's not one he's taught me. It's one that I have realized by spending time with him. I read my Dad's articles and I smile thinking – I saw him there, I can see him doing that, I want to go there with him there next summer. But I also have a different set of thoughts. I think about his smile when he shared that orange with me hanging onto a mangrove root in the bright sunshine at the end of a weeklong paddle together in the Everglades. I think of the sound that our paddles make dipping into the water in unison as we paddle up the river together to see hundreds of Canada Geese. In my mind I can feel the surge of power he adds in stern when we paddle in the same boat together. I have the vision of him surrounded by the steam coming off the pot on a cool morning while he cooks our oatmeal. I think of how we both eat our applesauce with our granola bar when we take a break. I think of loons, Orion, and manatee bubbles. I know that perhaps he thinks about paddling and even the world in slightly different ways by us having paddled, spent that time, together.

I take from this that simply being WITH someone, in our case, paddling solo together, is one of life's greatest gifts. While my Dad may share his stories in articles, they can never capture the joy I felt of seeing my first flock of roseate spoonbills with him. Spend some time with your Dad or whoever it is that you love. It's in that moment of togetherness that you realize how truly precious that time is and how much they have blessed your life. Here's to the next paddle, Dad, and sharing many more pots of oatmeal and adventures side by side.



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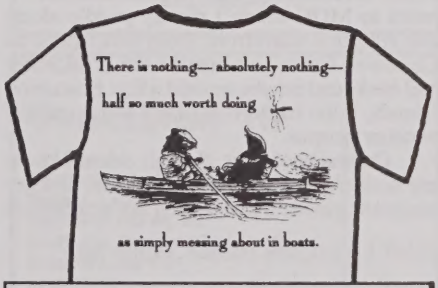

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Here, There & (Almost) Everywhere

Day Trips Through the Seasons

By Reinhard Zollitsch

Everybody always thinks I only like to go on long, hard, lonely solo cruising trips along rough, foreboding ocean shores. Well, I do, and I like doing them, but I do much more paddling in between those trips. Wherever I go, I almost always carry a boat on my car, either my solo outrigger canoe or my Verlen Kruger covered sea canoe. Even living in the cold northland of Maine, I paddle on a year-round basis. These two boats are never put up for the winter, as most boats in Maine are. My two boats are amazingly "warm" to paddle, since even my outrigger has a protective K-1 Olympic-style cockpit with sprayskirt and is of foam-sandwich construction. It is distinctly warmer to paddle than a sit-on-top Hawaiian-style outrigger or a low Eskimo skin-on-frame kayak. My Kruger touring canoe also has a full cockpit cover, and the seat is elevated and not on the cold boat bottom, like in sea kayaks.

I live on the Stillwater River in Orono and enjoy observing the seasonal changes around me 'til the river finally freezes solid. I watch the Canada geese come and go on their way north or south, watch muskrats and beaver build their lodges, and always give perched eagles and ospreys a wide berth so they do not feel they have to leave their favorite look-out or resting spot. There are stunning white water lilies, so plentiful in Monet's paintings, brilliant red cardinal flowers, purple pickerel weed, painted and snapping turtles, hooded mergansers, wood ducks and Barrows golden eyes. Every season shows off new impressive transient visitors.

And then there are the constant color changes in the trees alongshore as well as the rich light of the rising or setting sun. Life is good along the river, especially when I can share all this with Nancy in our 2-person canoe. Our big, young and exuberant yellow Lab Willoughby also greatly enjoys river rides with me in our oldest Royalex canoe, standing tall with his front paws on the very bow. Keeping the heavy 2-person boat level and moving forward is a good workout for me and demands my fullest attention.

And when the river finally freezes over, I trek 30 miles south to Ellsworth, where I can paddle for another month or so on the tidal Union River down into Union River Bay, which offers great views of the Mount Desert Island hills and mountains. When that finally freezes over, I move south another 30 miles to MDI, where I mostly paddle along Bar Harbor's waterfront, from Hulls Cove to Cromwell Cove, just outside the breakwater and back, and maybe around a few Porcupine Islands, if the bar to Bar Island is out and the weather permits.

On real cold days, though, when I know my mukluks with polar-fleece socks and my neoprene gloves will not keep my extremities warm, I wish myself down to the Everglades National Park in Florida, which has actually happened a good number of times since 1992 (see "Everglades Forever" in *MAIB* and *ACK* and also on my website). Or I do what everybody else does up here in Maine: enjoy the snow, especially cross-country skiing. Double-poling is a great way of staying in shape for the upcoming canoe racing season, or just making sure I am not losing everything I worked for all year.

Finally May comes around, school lets out, the University that is, and I am off on my first cold, foggy, wet and windy ocean canoe trip. It mostly turns into more of a challenge than a summer joy ride, but I do not mind. I have the equipment and the prudence to know when to switch to plan B or even C. I do not like to set myself up for failure, if you know what I mean.

This year I criss-crossed Casco Bay in celebration of the 25th anniversary of the Portland-based Maine Island Trail Association, founded in 1987, which by the way is not officially being celebrated till next year, the 25th year of the MITA guide booklet, I was informed. (I have a hard time accepting that type of thinking: celebrating the birth of a booklet rather than the founding moment of a truly trail-blazing organization.)

Much more fun that time of year, however, are my day trips on the ocean from Rockland to Rockport or Rockport to Camden, when I can choose a fine-weather day, and even pick the right direction of travel so tide and wind are in my favor, and to boot can enjoy a longer car trip and outing, including a picnic lunch with Nancy, knowing she has a great time finding scenic walks, browsing a bookstore or library in town, or just enjoying the harbor ambiance.

I also greatly enjoy volunteering with the Penobscot Riverkeepers every Spring and Fall, taking groups of junior high and high school students in eight war/voyageur canoes on the Penobscot River at Bangor/Brewer. We introduce them to canoeing, the river and its history, and share teaching sessions on the environment, clean water and air concerns, safety, navigation/orienteering, and the return of salmon, sturgeon and other indigenous fish species. The students are so enthused and appreciative, which makes it fun for us Riverkeepers also. Without a doubt, learning by doing is always more fun.

One of my favorite areas for summer day trips is Frenchman Bay off Winter Harbor. The park at Frazer Point on the Schoodic peninsula is great for launching a canoe and offers several island trips with spectacular vistas of Mt. Cadillac across the bay, as well as the many cute Porcupine Islands, Grindstone Neck and massive Ironbound Island. A tad downeast along the coast is Corea Harbor on Goulds-boro Bay, our family summer home, where I have figured out several significant paddles, like from Route #1 all the way down the bay to Corea, or from Prospect Harbor to Corea, or looping around the Sally Islands.

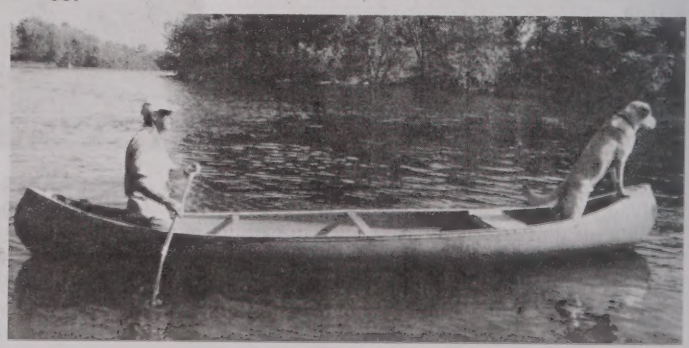
Corea put-in/take-out.

In June, Nancy and I usually spend a week on Prince Edward Island, Canada, and having paddled around the entire 400-mile island in the past, I know of numerous splendid day trips in the Cavendish / Summerside / Charlottetown areas, filled with red sandstone cliffs, enticing white beaches and bights full of tall salt grasses.

And then it is time to get ready for the 22-mile ocean race in Gloucester, Massachusetts, the Blackburn Challenge, which is usually held in mid-July. This year was my 11th consecutive race in my black carbon-fiber solo outrigger canoe. This race has turned into one of the major boating events along the Atlantic coast. About 275 hand-powered boats start in their respective classes: rowing shells, dinghies, dories, sea kayaks, surf skis, solo, double and the big six-person outrigger canoes, and recently also SUPs (stand-up paddlers). Each year I have finished between 3:33 and 3:49 hours, always within 16 minutes of my other finishes, regardless of tide, wind and weather as well as my own state of fitness/health, let alone age. And since there are no age classes, and I feel I have to be competitive with some of the best paddlers in the country, my preparation is as serious as my body allows. I still race hard and have not yet allowed myself to consider the Blackburn a rally, where just finishing is enough of a goal. (By the way, this year I came in 4th in the men's solo outrigger class, beating #5 by 7 seconds, 1 boat length!)

RZ @ Little Crow Island/Cadillac Mt.

"Doggy Paddle" on the Stillwater R., Orono.



Two days after the Blackburn I am usually off again on my second ocean trip of the summer. This year's trip took me from Castine, Maine around the three large islands in Penobscot Bay: Islesboro, North Haven and Vinalhaven, which I had seen on my western horizon when rounding Deer Isle and Isle au Haut last year.

In August, Nancy and I attended a wedding in Nova Scotia, in a country inn just outside the Kejimkujik National Park. I had wanted to paddle that large, lobed lake for a long time, and so I planned in two 2-hour paddles around the entire lake (minus a few smaller bights). It was as beautiful as anticipated, but it was summer, the weather was great, a bit on the too-hot side, and lots of other boaters had the same idea as I. Fortunately I was able to leave them behind quickly and was paddling alone again, as I am used to, enjoying nature on a quiet one-to-one basis, most direct and intimate, without all the trite, noisy chatting that goes on in any group trip.

Before returning to Maine via the Digby, NS to St. John, NB ferry, we stopped in Digby for the night, where I greatly enjoyed paddling on the large tidal Annapolis Basin. This is the large bay Champlain and Dugua had chosen for the first successful French "habitation". The settlement on St. Croix Island in Passamaquoddy Bay, now right on the border between Maine/USA and New Brunswick/Canada, had failed the year before, 1604. Nancy and I had a great time walking through all the buildings of the replica of the 1605 Habitation. I then also paddled from Digby into Bear River, which was named by Champlain after a friend of his, "Hébert", pronounced something like "a-bear" in French. The Brits again misheard and thought the French were talking about bears, just as they turned Newfoundland's "L'Anse aux Méduse" (bay of jellyfish) into "L'Anse aux Meadows", or "Cap Despoir" (Cape Hope) into "Cape Despair" on Québec's Gaspé shore.

Ah well, it was a great paddle, though, around the outlying Bear Island, chock full of sea birds (no bears), and back to my Digby put-in. Seeing the ebb tide current pick up through Digby Gut (max 5 knots) was awesome. In Champlain's days that meant that no hostile boat could attack them for 6 hours each tide cycle. The early French settlers had found a tidal lock, just as they were used to from St. Malo in Brittany, France, Jacques Cartier's home port.

Nancy and I have also spent time in Nova Scotia's Mahone Bay area, Canada's Atlantic Ocean playground, which offers superb, quite sheltered canoeing around its 365 islands.

On the way home from Nova Scotia via the Digby ferry, Nancy and I often stop in St. Andrews, NB, where I do several great paddles on Passamaquoddy Bay, like to St. Croix Island and around Minister's and Navy Island. Staying in the classic old Algonquin hotel is a real treat.

Whenever Nancy and I visit our daughter Brenda and family in Portland, I always bring my outrigger along for a 2-hour spin around a couple of Casco Bay islands. Nobody misses me for that short a time anyway, I tell myself. Sometimes I even bring a second solo canoe for Brenda, who greatly enjoys her 6-island trip with her Dad (around the two Diamond Islands, Pumpkin, Crow, Cow and Fort Gorges). And before I notice it, it is Fall again – more work-outs on the river behind my house, day trips to the Camden, Bar Harbor and Winter Harbor areas, and lots of raking, painting, sawing and splitting wood before the first snow falls.

For years Nancy and I had wanted to see the huge flocks of migratory snow geese gathering off Cap Tormente on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River (about 30 miles NE of Québec City). They breed in the high Arctic and then winter in the Chesapeake Bay and Chincoteague area. So this year was it, and it was an awesome sight seeing about 50,000 vociferous white geese grubbing for the rhizomes of the American bulrushes on the extensive mud and rock flats off the cape. We even saw them from our hotel window in St. Anne de Beaupré, practicing take-offs. But on this trip I did not bring a boat, because I remembered from my 2007 trip along this shore to Tadoussac that it is distinctly difficult to put in and take out because of the extreme tides and extensive mud/rock flats. In 2007 I had to paddle 9.5 hours before I could get ashore just before Baie St. Paul/Isle aux Coudres. I have to admit, though, that I felt a bit deprived looking at the big river with its beautiful, steep rocky shores and not having a boat to check things out.

Soon after our return, Hurricane Sandy hit the NE shore of the US, all the way up to Maine, and days later we got our first snowstorm, on Nov. 8 to be exact. This is the time when MEGO ("mine eyes glaze over") finally sets in, and I wonder how it would feel being in the Everglades, or what is in store for me next year. Time is getting more precious the older one gets, you know, and there are still lots of things I want to do and see, or redo, because they were so much fun. Having turned 73, it is still hard to stop doing what I love so much, but also definitely harder to do with aplomb, if you know what I mean. So here I go again, pushing the grizzled, wizened curmudgeon stage off for yet another year.

Hope to report on more trips, events and happenings next year. Stay tuned, be safe and enjoy what you are doing.

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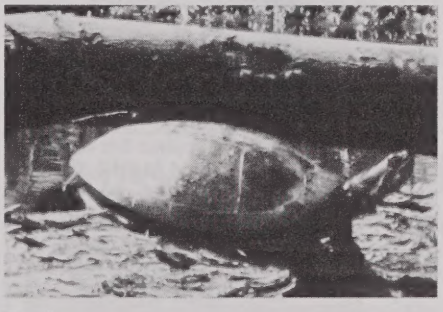

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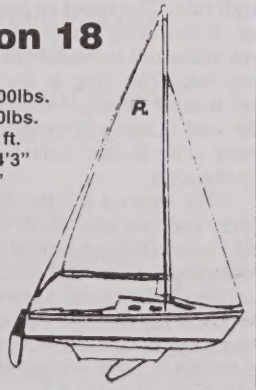

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The Wreck of the *Yeraz 2*

By Peter Brennan

It was a bright and sunny day.

Though our boat, an O'Day 37 center cockpit sloop, had been launched in early May, we were on our first weekend cruise of the year. For various reasons, including a death in the family, we had become the people we used to laugh at; go to the marina on Friday evening or Saturday morning, break out the deck chairs, schmooze and booze on the dock, stow the chairs and go home Monday morning. In two seasons we had not once set the main.

We were headed under power to a gunkhole, the Sand Hole at Oyster Bay on Long Island, New York, where we were to meet another boat from the World's Fair Marina on Flushing Bay. Our neighbor boat, an Endeavour 40, had left the marina a couple of hours before us. We knew they had safely arrived because we could hear their VHF conversation with the local TowBoatUS seeking help to get off the bar at the entrance to the Sand Hole.

Local lore has it that the Sand Hole, some 25 miles east of Manhattan at Oyster Bay, was the source of sand and aggregate for construction of the Brooklyn Bridge among other projects. It is dotted here and there with remains of various structures, has a couple of very expensive houses on its south side, is surrounded by salt marshes, has large sand dunes on the Sound side and rocky breakwaters and reefs on its entrance side. Depths vary widely on an 8' tide. It defines "local knowledge." A permanent sign at the entrance warns that the inlet is unnavigable. Ironically, proper alignment with that sign is the key to safely entering the lagoon.

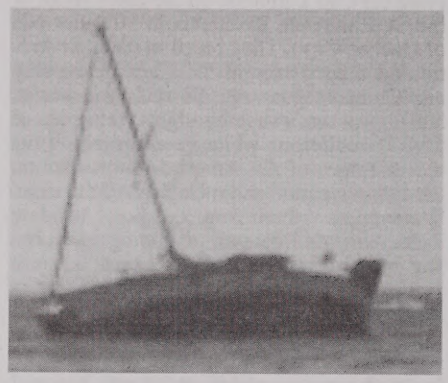
It's a great place to be in a storm provided the anchor does not snag a waterlogged tree.

The inlet channel varies from day to day and goes from 16' to shoal in a few feet. Bars reach out port and starboard, long fingers of entrapping sand and rock. A stone breakwater to starboard on entering serves only to channel the water, which rushes at 5 knots and more in a serpentine channel. Once past the initial entrance shoal, there are two more to navigate before entering the lagoon. When anchoring, attention must be paid. At low tide vast areas become sand flats. The bottom is flaky, holds fine in some places, not at all in others. Sensible people will try to navigate only at or near high tide and will not attempt it at all on an ebbing tide, certainly not if their draft is 5' as ours was.

The breakwater to starboard on entering sits up on sand. Going aground there is only an embarrassment unless it is done at high tide. The shoal to port is another matter. It is a long finger of boulders of various sizes and to be carefully left to port on any tide. The sign is the channel marker, but it must be approached properly so that the reef is left well to port. Unfortunately, there is no marker outside on which to line up the sign.

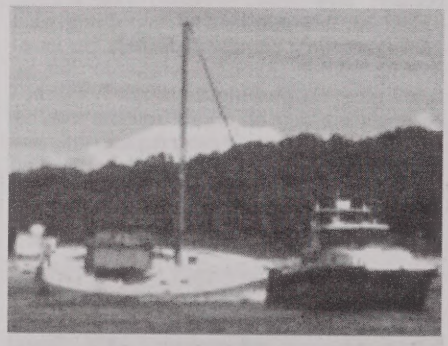
We arrived off the Sand Hole around 4pm. The tide was about three hours on the ebb, water flowing furiously out the channel. Motorboats were still entering and leaving, but they seldom run aground there. We felt we knew the passage well enough after more than 25 years and a few harmless groundings. If we hit it right we can get through a half tide. If not, then we go outside and wait.

So we approached at dead slow lined up on the sign. Suddenly I noticed that there was an awful lot of turbulence where there should only have been smoothly flowing water. Turbulence means rocks. We had cut the angle



of approach a bit too fine and were over the reef and not in the channel. Before I could reverse course we touched bottom. The keel promptly wedged itself among the rocks. No amount of engine ahead or astern would budge us.

We called TowBoatUS, whose boat was already in the vicinity waiting for the abundant work often provided by the Sand Hole and an ebbing tide. Their boat had a line to our bow cleat within five minutes. The salvor tried wiggling us back and forth to get us off but all we did was slightly change the boat's orientation. We were stuck and the tide was going out fast.



A second, larger, TowBoatUS boat came alongside and took our main halyard out to heel the boat enough to reduce her draft and get her off. The effort failed. As the tide continued to ebb she was soon marooned nearly high and dry lying on her starboard side. There was nothing to do but abandon ship and wait for the tide to get her off. The Boat US people said they would come back later and refloat her.

"I need a drink," says I. Wife went below to the spirit locker. Scream! "There's water up to my waist down here," says she. I thought it was spilling over from the freshly filled tanks but it wasn't. It was coming up from below.

In deepest gloom we waded through water over the slippery rocks to the sandy beach where a large audience had been watching the rescue effort.

Our friends in the *Endeavour* took us in. A couple of much needed stiff ones, dinner, TowBoatUS paperwork and watching what little we could see of the work lights and other attentions the two BoatUS crews were giving our stranded ship. About midnight they got her off and we retired to the *Endeavour's* V-berth.

About 10am on Sunday the TowBoat US headman came by the *Endeavour* and took us off. As we motored out of the Sand Hole and across Oyster Bay to the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club he told us what they had done. The boat was holed badly from the rocks. They put four pumps on board, attempted to close the hole with torn-up upholstery, floated the boat and slung her between the two TowBoatUS boats. They brought her some three miles to the yacht club's Travelift where in the small hours of the morning she was put in the slings on land.

We went ashore at the yacht club yard for a closer look. We could see the hole, still leaking water, not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough, 'twil serve and the rudder bent out of shape. She looked repairable. But the TowBoatUS man opined that the insurance company would declare her a total loss because she would cost too much just to clean up, never mind repair. She was, after all, a 1982 boat and after any repairs would still be a 1982 boat.

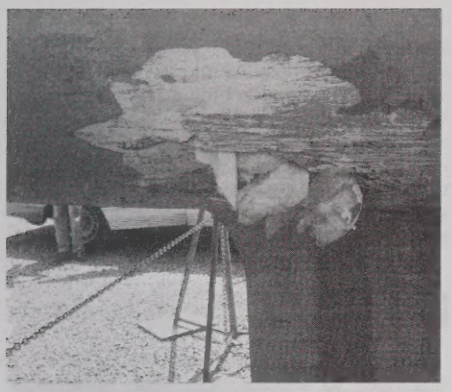
I asked why they had taken her to the yacht club and not to the slightly more distant commercial yard on the other side of the bay. "The last thing I need," he said, "was for her to sink while we were moving her and fill the bay with fuel oil."

In even deeper gloom we returned to Manhattan by train.

Our first task was to call our insurance company, BoatUS. BoatUS assigned us a claims adjustor, a cheerful and extremely helpful woman, who told us a marine surveyor would visit the boat in two days and we should be there.

On Tuesday we went to the boat, which the yard had moved from the slings to stands. The surveyor arrived and went over the boat most thoroughly, taking photos and making notes. A major problem was that as the boat lay on her side the contents of the holding tank spilled into the hull. In short, as the boat lay on her side, holed, salt water destroyed just about everything on the starboard side while the port side stayed dry. (Never rely on Ziploc bags to keep things dry.)

The boat looked repairable and given enough time and money could have been repaired. But the hole was so located that to get at it from inside would have required removing the fuel and water tanks and the engine. Replacing the bent rudder post would also have been costly and difficult.



At the insurance company's request we made an inventory. We took home all that was incidental, such as the TV set and binoculars, bedding, galleyware, etc, while anything that was essential to the boat stayed with her. These included sails, dinghy, davits, windlass and so forth. Insurance did not cover most of the removable stuff, personal effects.

In due course, after signing enough notarized documents to make our local notary rich, the insurance company declared the boat to be a constructive total loss and sent us a check for the agreed value. No muss, no fuss. They also sent a substantial check to Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club to compensate them for their efforts and to help them dispose of the boat.

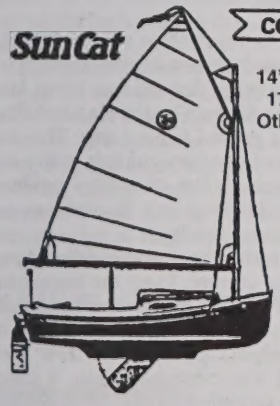
I had hoped that some dedicated do-it-yourselfer would buy in the boat and repair her. I know from the internet that there were many people who wanted to do just that. But Seawanhaka wanted no part of it. They promptly broke up the boat and parted her out. She no longer exists. That saddens us but is actually for the best.

There are always lessons to be learned from any event. Some are obvious. Next time get another bearing so we know where we are going. But the biggest mistake one could make, wreck or no, would be to skimp on insurance. Happily, we did not make that error.

The boat itself was insured to the limit. Considering the potential for loss the annual premium was cheap. The hull insurance policy also had a limited towing benefit, which would do in a minor breakdown close to homeport but would have been totally inadequate in this situation. Besides hull insurance BoatUS also offers the services of TowBoat US at various levels for various premiums. It makes absolutely no sense to opt for anything but the maximum on this benefit. The premium is pennies. It is not a place to be penny wise and pound foolish. Just consider the real cost of two boats, two men and four pumps working for hours to refloat the boat and get her to dry land. Consider the cost of a fuel oil cleanup.

Besides better piloting one should also add personal effects coverage.

One small note of irony. Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club is probably second only to the New York Yacht Club in terms of hoity toityness. The World's Fair Marina, our old home port, is as plebian as they come.



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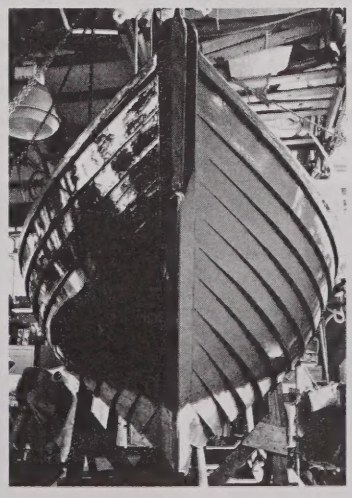

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Summer and Fall Paddling in Illinois

By Bob McAuley

July 27: Revenge of the Beavers

Arrived at the Salt Creek put-in about 7:15pm for my first evening paddle of the year. The temperature was +80°, low humidity, and a light northwest wind. The woods were quiet. It was a welcome change from the daytime noises of chainsaws, leaf blowers, walkers, and loud talkers. As I paddled my kayak upstream, a small great blue heron erupted out of a dead strainer breaking the stillness of the evening. Then all was quiet again.

Paddling under the pedestrian bridge required using the last open channel as the other three were log blocked again. As I neared that old stand of Catalpa trees with their cigars growing longer and greener by the day, I spied a large brown headed object headed downstream toward my kayak. It was too big to be a muskrat. We closed at a rapid rate and soon I recognized it to be a beaver. I grabbed the camera and cocked the flash as it isn't often I see them in the creek. As he reached my bow, as seen in the view finder, he suddenly slapped his tail and dove splashing water all over me from that big flat tail of his. The wave rocked my boat! He then resurfaced again and swam across the creek to his bank den where he slapped his tail and disappeared.

Having trapped beavers in my teenage years, I naturally thought it fitting that all beavers hated me. Now maybe this one was eyeing me, bent on turning my wooden kayak into chips. It would have been poetic justice if he had climbed aboard and chewed me and or my wooden kayak up! Now I better be careful about paddling under those beaver gnawed trees bordering the shoreline as one might accidentally fall across my kayak. If that ever happened, I'll bet there would be a lot of rejoicing in the beaver lodge that night, "Revenge of the beavers!" The rest of the paddle was peaceful although I had nightmares about brown furry creatures boarding my craft....

August 5: Swapping Off

My brother Larry, son Mike and I headed out on Salt Creek on a bright 75°+ day. Having only two single place kayaks, we took turns with Mike walking the parallel shore path while Larry and I paddled upstream. A half hour later we switched paddlers at the top of an island, and I stayed on shore and shot a few photos. It was a perfect summer morning. All the local birds were chirping and the mosquitoes were not buzzing! They paddled up to a second pedestrian bridge. There the water was too shallow and they returned to the island where I got a few shots. Exiting my kayak, Larry got wet when it slid away from shore. I must teach him the dry exit technique. Saw a couple of deer on the walk back to the take out.

August 20: Retrieving the Rappla Rattler

Mike and I paddled Salt Creek again with a possible goal of retrieving his snagged $4 Rappla Rattler lure. He caught it on an overhanging tree while fishing from shore the last time out. He was able to paddle directly under it and with a mighty pull took a few branches and his Rattler down into his kayak. We did the usual paddle around the island. We stopped for the usual candy bar and listened to the birds chirping away while a sneaky mosquito sucked blood out of my uncovered hand. I had taken off my paddling glove to eat that candy. It's been a mosquito-free summer during daylight hours. Naturally we're all afraid of that evil nighttime flyer, "The West Nlie". It was sunny and easy paddling on the return with a cooling little head wind.

September 13: Windy on Whalon Lake

I drove out to 20 acre Whalon Lake five miles away in Will County. It was opened five years ago after the old gravel company was through mining it. It's stocked with fish and I've been dying to give it a try. The winds were 5-15 knots at 10am, northeast directly into my launch spot. After launching into the waves my little light kayak bounced around like a cork. It was a challenge just to keep my balance. I finally managed to paddle into the leeward side of an island to calmer waters. After fishing briefly I now had the wind at my back and scampered back ashore. I vowed to try again on a calm day.

October l: Big Billy Bass Caught

OAT 65°+ degrees, water temperature 65°+ and no wind. I put in at Salt Creek again. I had paddled there a week ago but those supporting bridge pillars up the creek were log jammed. That afforded me only a very narrow opening under the damaged and leaning pillar. No thanks. I returned downstream disappointed at such a short trip. But today it turned out really different. Today the workers had cleared the bridge of logs. It was a blue sky little wind fall day.

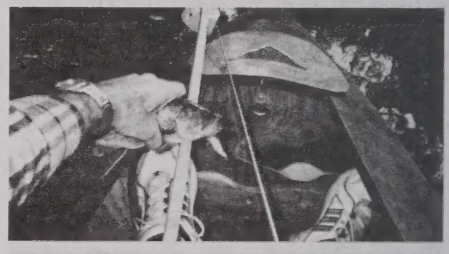
I put in above the dam and fished my way upstream looking for Big Billy Bass. I had seen little small mouth bass darting by my kayak from time to time. Other fishermen had shown me pictures of small mouth bass that had been caught in the creek. On their advice, I bought a Rappla Rattler. I had caught bass with it in Indiana but I hadn't tried it here. This creek was a polluted mess until the EPA got after those factories that were dumping poisons into it. Now the water quality even supports blue gill and crayfish.

The fall colors were starting to brighten the banks what with the oranges, reds and violets on the climbing Sumac vines all wrapped around the tall tree trunks. On a nearby cottonwood tree were scattered groups of falling yellow leaves landing as if in formation on the mirrored warm water. After landing they became miniature yellow sailboats now blown downstream by a soft breeze as if in a race to the dam.

Rounding the first bend I was pleasantly surprised to see the pedestrian bridge pillars cleared of those logs from the previous week. The workers were busy at one end of the bridge clearing the 4" thick flagstone in preparation for the building of a new cantilever bridge next year. There will be no more log jams under the new bridge.

I happily paddled under the bridge and on to the north creek section of the island. After boating another golf ball I stopped by the bank where my son Mike had a fish pull him all over the creek but lost it to a snag, last year. Retrieving my second cast, I felt a tug of some underwater creature. I set the hook and minutes later boated my first ever small mouth Salt Creek bass! I thanked the EPA.

Now, there's not much room in my kayak for a flopping bass between my legs and feet. He managed to hook my sock with one of the treble hooks. He then turned his head and, looking up at me, said, "Gotcha!" I had to tear the hook out of my sock with a long nose pliers. Now freed, he began jumping around again and broke the line somehow. After wetting my hand I grabbed him for a photo shoot at arm's length. After taking the photo I gently returned him to his neighborhood as he gently splashed water in my face for a "Goodbye".



First Billy bass in 60 years on formerly polluted Salt Creek.

More casts resulted in no more strikes there, so I moved upstream a bit. I was just as elated at catching that bass as I was landing a 40lb King Salmon on the Kasiloff River in Alaska on a guided fishing trip. This bass was the result of my own guiding in my own handmade kayak. A few casts later produced another bass. He was not a problem and didn't splash me a goodbye.

Tiring, I turned back and paddled downstream with the current. I saw the usual kingfisher and great blue heron and sandpipers along the mud banks. Crossing under the pedestrian bridge I paused for few more casts. When I was casting next to a shoreline strainer, something nailed my Rattler. Three times in one day! Cranking in the reel brought him close to my bow, but when he saw me, he bolted away making my "drag" squeal. After the drag stopped squealing, I once again began cranking him in toward the kayak. He then swam under the bow bending my carbon rod double before throwing

A race is on, Larry out front, Mike closing in.

the Rattler at me and with a big splash disappeared in the dark water Now that was a Big Billie Bass. Now I've got the makings of a new story when I meet up with him again... "The Old Man and Big Billie Bass" (sorry "Papa" Hemingway).

When I got home, I gave the green Rattler to my son Mike who promptly left for the creek. He claims to have caught a little bigger bass but the photo was inconclusive, it was a good day on the water.

Mike's big Billy Bass.

October 9: "The Old Man and Big Billie Bass"

65°+, wind 10 to 15 knots with gusts but sunny. My son Mike escorted me to Salt Creek for another attempt to battle mister Bass. At put-in, I gave Mike the lucky Rattler and a new big minnow lure to test out. The strong wind pushed us upstream at a good clip while we cast at likely looking holes. Upon arriving at that same tree strainer where I lost Big Billie over a week ago, Mike got a strike and promptly lost the bass near his kayak. He moved up the creek and left me to get lucky again at the same spot. I changed lures to a Crayfish, and cast out again. Several casts later I felt that familiar tug on my line and minutes later boated a Little Bobby Bass. As he flopped around in my kayak by my feet I reached down toward him to release the hook. Surprise! He threw the hook and crayfish into my favorite Orange knit sock hat nearby.

I picked up the hat and tore the knitting while extracting the sharp hooks. I glanced down at the fish. I swear he looked at me and said , "Gotcha! Those small mouth bass are fighters, in the water or out. Later that week, I sewed the hole shut in my damaged orange knit hat.

No more action resulted from fishing that part of the creek, but the blowing wind made for some sideways sailing rides all over the creek. Mike returned with no hits to talk about. Big Billie is still out there but he's not biting today. Only the waning days of autumn will tell. I only fish for one or two hours per day as that is my limit for my rear end in a cramped kayak.

On my return visit a week later, at the put-in by the dam, I was greeted by a fresh sign mounted in the creek. It read "All Watercraft are Prohibited Beyond This Point". The bridge workers don't want us around for safety reasons I guess. Just when fishing was getting interesting. The new bridge is set for completion next summer.

A week later we tried paddling the lower Salt after a good rain but, were stopped by a double log jam that we couldn't portage without popping new hernias.

November 9: Golf Balls & a Breached Dam

45°+, overcast, and little wind. Mike and I paddle the Des Plaines River in North Riverside. Last spring we boated 36 golf balls, cleansing the river and river banks of this type of polluting trash. We thought we'd do it again before winter sets in. In just three years of paddling and scooping balls, we've collected over 500 balls. I don't golf...

To our surprise, the water level at the put-in was about 2' lower than in the spring. I figured the low water was due to an unusually dry summer. Launching was tricky what with fresh slippery mud on the bank sides. The tree roots that were normally below water provided our only handholds while dropping into our kayaks. The water was remarkably clear and we could see the sandy bottom only a foot or two below. Paddling upstream we passed by old Indian Rock now sticking out of the water by a foot, though it's usually hiding under water. In the past I've run into that nasty boulder with a startling thud!

Moving upriver we noted a couple of dozen beaver gnawed or felled trees along the banks. We only had a half-mile paddle to the golf course. The leaves were down and the woods looked drab. It was a damp chilly day and the water was colder than 45°+. However, we had to paddle under the 26th Street bridge to access the grounds. As we approached the bridge, I could hear the gurgling of rapidly running water. It was not a good sign. Sure enough the bridge was log jammed on one side with only a narrow 4' of fast but smooth water to pass through to the other side. I had never seen it so low.

I elected to try paddling up on that smooth 4' wide swath. I worked up a sweat paddling very hard but managed to get up that narrow channel and into the flat calm water above the bridge. Mike next tried it following my exact line but got hung up on a rock and had to back off. He tried several times but was just too heavy for that rock filled channel. He and his craft are about 100lbs pounds heavier than I am in mine. He landed and was going to portage but under the bridge was a maze of concrete chunks, slippery goo, and rusty rebar. He just waited for me to return from scouring the golf course banks. I netted about two dozen and he found five under the bridge. I sailed swiftly down through that quick water and I being tired, Mike towed me back to our take out.

However, on the way back we came upon a fisherman anchored in the middle of the river. He told us he caught three small mouth bass. He said that the Illinois Department of Natural Resources had stocked this formerly polluted river with 3lb and 4lb bass. In addition, the IDNR breached the 100 year old 10' Hoffman Dam two miles downstream! That was the best news I'd ever heard about my old paddling river. I never thought I'd live to see that nemesis dam breached in my lifetime. Now maybe we'll be able to catch fish the way it was possible before the dam was built. That, then, was the answer to the mystery of the very low water we experienced today. Now maybe the river will run faster and cleaner and the bass will thrive...

December 3: A Northern Pike!

OAT 70°+, cloudy and 5 knot wind. Because of the unusually warm weather, Mike and I decided to try for some bass action on the Des Plaines River. We decided to try fishing that same spot where that fisherman caught those bass a month ago. It's all catch and release. Mike brought live worms and the rest were lures. It wasn't exactly northwoods quiet. It was a low overcast day with noisy Boeing 737s flying low over our heads on the ILS to Runways 13L or 13R at Midway Airport.

We eased ourselves into our kayaks using those helpful tree roots. We paddled upstream to that spot and began bombarding the water with lures. I used that same Rattler that caught bass last summer in Salt Creek. After ten minutes of my casting, something nailed my Rattler. It tugged well and danced out of the water about 30' away. It looked pretty big and I thought, "Could this be my Big Billie Bass at last"? Suddenly it quit fighting and I cranked it toward the kayak. It wasn't fighting like a bass. Finally next to the boat I lifted it above the dark water and surprise! A northern pike greeted me on the end of the line. I never thought I'd ever catch a northern pike out of this old formerly polluted river. Thanks again EPA.

I grabbed him behind his neck and wound up breaking the treble hook when carefully extracting it from his big needle toothed mouth. We had no camera, but he was a foot and one half long, and about 3lbs. I released him to grow up to a big pike meal next summer. That was our only fish in two hours on the water. Evidently, the IDNR stocked some northern pike as well as bass! It was a good day on the water.

Come Spring

We're looking forward to next spring and running the newly created rapids now that the big dam has been breached. Hopefully we'll enjoy some new fishing which hasn't been possible since WWII. This Des Plaines River is located only five miles from busy Midway Airport where those planes were making "happy landings" while I "happily landed" the first of hopefully many pike "on our newly cleaned up river.

The 100 year old Hoffman Dam before the breaching...

...and afterwards.

St Mary's Bay Chronicles #2

But First, A Bit of Background

By Ernie Cassidy
upcloseconcerts@eastlink.ca

In the previous installment of the Chronicles, I mentioned the purchase of a C&L 16 sailboat. I will be sharing some initial impressions and observations about that, but since we're pretty much done with the sailing season, this year, I thought I might elaborate a bit more on how I came to all this.

I'd been without a sailboat for 10 years. My first, and last one, was a home-built flat-iron skiff - a bit of serendipity that happened because of a visit from my friend, John Nation, who observed that, "It must be unthinkable, if not outright illegal, for anyone in Nova Scotia to live this close to a navigable waterway and not have a boat." In this case, the waterway he was referring to was a stream that ran right behind the house-under-construction that was soon to be home. Thibault Brook flowed into a river, the Meteghan River, which flowed into and through a chain of three medium-sized lakes, and thence – as rivers will do – out into St. Mary's Bay. Back then (1978), I was living about 12 miles inland from the Bay.

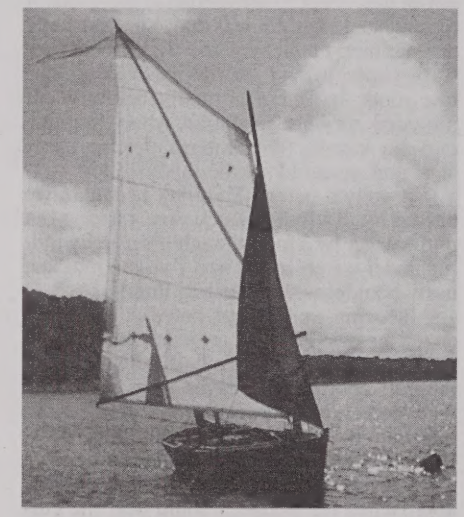
The new house was closed in, insulated, and had windows installed, though no interior finish work had begun. The goal was to be living in it by winter. John had shown up just before Labor Day, offering to spend two weeks helping me build an attached woodshed. That evening, at the dinner table, he suggested that – since there was all this 'extra wood' lying around – we should build a boat...a small sailing and rowing skiff.

Seeing the expression on my wife's face - which would have made a charging grizzly stop and reconsider its options - he quickly added, "Of course, we'll only do that during evenings and weekends." Not unreasonably, she was a lot more interested in seeing a woodshed built than a boat – unless it were going to be available as fuel for the wood stove come winter. She then asked, with an edge in her voice that would have altered the molecular structure of iron filings, "How many evenings and weekends?" John replied, with truly remarkable conviction, "Four evenings and one weekend."

That got my attention. I didn't quite believe it, but it made it sound as if we might have a boat together by the time he had to leave. And the woodshed was finished, of course. To my great amazement, on the fourth evening, just before dark, we carried a boat-like wood artifact to the stream, set it in the water, and climbed in. It floated us for nearly two minutes – water gushing in from every uncaulked seam. At that point, it had no thwarts, no breast hook, quarter-knees, inwales, or other essential components, but it had floated.

By Sunday afternoon, of that first week, we rowed it down to the lake and back. Water was still coming in steadily, but not at an alarming rate. John assured me, "She'll make up real quick, once she's in the brook. Just let her sink and swell." By the second weekend, there were thole pins, a mast partner, a mast, a square sail – well, ok...a hideous orange tarp tacked to a square un-tapered yard – and a rudder set on home-made gudgeons and pintles. In fact, the whole skiff had been put together with materials that we scrounged off the building site. John had already christened her *Pamplemousse*, the French word for grapefruit. This was "...just in case she turns out to be a great big lemon." He'd even carved – all twelve letters – a name-board for her transom.

The woodshed was finished the same Sunday morning as the *Pamplemousse's* maiden voyage under sail. I loaded my still skeptical spouse into the stern sheets, rowed down the river, put up the square sail, and sailed her back home. When we reached the landing my sister, who was also visiting, had tears in her eyes and said, "It looked like a scene from (the movie) *Elvira Maddigan*." Thus began a life-long love affair with everything to do with boating, and especially my wonderful – if startlingly rustic – little sailing skiff.



In the beginning, she had a shifting-leeboard. This was eventually replaced with a centerboard – that change prompted by the fact that much of my sailing was being done alone and shifting the leeboard on every tack was always tedious and, sometimes, more exciting than I liked. I had acquired books by Howard Chapelle, Phillip Bolger and Pete Culler, which provided no end of ideas, suggestions, and entertainment.

A home-made spritsail was eventually replaced with a proper store-bought sail. Performancewise, this was the equivalent of unbolting a 1/2hp. electric trolling motor and replacing it with a 15hp Evinrude. She was, at various times, rigged as a catboat, a sloop, and for most of her sailing life as a yawl. For one totally madcap afternoon, she was rigged as a schooner. In that configuration, she carried so much weather helm I thought the tiller might not survive. This is one of the delights of a small, home-built (i.e., cheap) boat: if you're so inclined, you can tinker with it as much as you like and try any tomfool idea that you get curious about. Whadaya got to lose? Have fun...go crazy.

Most of these shenanigans were carried out on inland lakes. At first, they were the ones I could reach from my backyard mooring. Later on, a friend let me keep her on a mooring in front of his camp on the (usually) downwind end of Wentworth Lake. This lake was so big I couldn't see the other end of it, and it took a whole afternoon, and a steady breeze, to beat to windward all the way to the other end. Often, a whole afternoon wasn't quite enough. The lake was also dotted with several islands, some with camps on them, some not. The 'uninhabited' ones were great picnic spots. Some of the passages between the islands were quite narrow, and it became great sport to try and get through this or that one in three tacks instead of the usual four or five.

Another friend had built a trailer for me, cobbled together out of his extensive collection of junk parts. He charged me a whopping $25, which might just have covered the cost of the welding rods he used up. So, hauling the boat out to the Bay became an option. Most of my Acadian friends strongly suggested that taking a 12' skiff out into St. Mary's Bay, even in the finest weather, was not the sort of thing prudent people did. This is the sort of advice that, as a come-from-away, one ignores at one's own peril.

Never having been burdened with an excess of prudence (my previous passion had been motorcycles), I did eventually get her out on the Bay. Though I was blessed with perfect weather and ideal conditions the first couple of times, my little ship – which had felt like plenty of boat back on Wentworth Lake – suddenly seemed much smaller in that vast expanse of water. A 4-hour sail, that felt as if I were really 'going somewhere' on the big lake, got me not much of anywhere out in the Bay, especially if we were making 1-1/2 knots over the ground, bucking a 5 knot receding tide, against a middling wind. But, by God, it was so seductive. Real salt-water sailing.

Two sails, of the half-dozen I made on the Bay, stand out in my mind. One time, the local wharf-minders in Belliveau Cove decided to have a regatta. I thought this was a startlingly bold initiative, in an area where many people make their living on the ocean, and few of them see it as a "recreational area." Not surprisingly, only two boats showed up; the *Pamplemousse* and a Hobie Cat. The Hobie owner looked over the top of the breakwater, saw the sea state, felt the weight of the wind and decided to go home. I looked too, and had made pretty much the same decision. However, my friend Jean-Paul, who had signed on as crew for the regatta, put on a hard face and said, "We're here. We've got a boat. We should go out."

If he'd said, "I saw this once on TV...", the alarm bells would have sounded and I'd have known we were on the verge of making a foolish mistake. However, feeling bad about dragging him out of bed early on a Saturday morning, and not wanting to look like a wimp, I agreed to go. (Timely tip: not wanting to look like a wimp is almost never a good argument in favor or doing something your frontal lobes are telling you that you shouldn't be doing.)

As long as we were still in the lee of the breakwater, things went pretty well. When we cleared the end of it and started up to windward – which is what one always does in a sailboat with no motor – things suddenly got very busy. The twenty-minute infusion of adrenalin prevented my brain from forming any permanent memory of the details of our efforts to make it back to the harbor. Tacking a shifting-leeboard skiff was frightening, even with the help of crew. And the jibe, when we finally decided to come about and run home, nearly took the bow off her.

What I've never forgotten was hauling the skiff back up onto the trailer, looking into the boat, and realizing that the bottom was completely covered in seaweed. Not one

plank was visible. I still don't know how that could be possible, or why I hadn't noticed it until then.

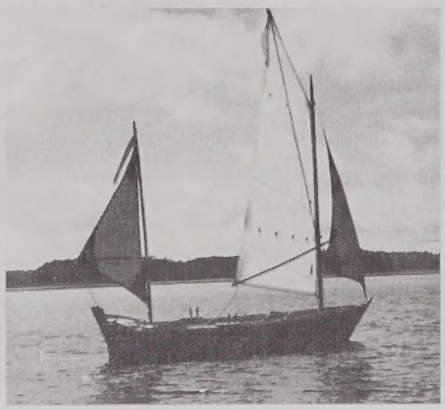
The last time I had the skiff out on the Bay was on a November 1st. This would have been just this or that side of 1990. It was a glorious day; not just a glorious November day, but a glorious day…period. Warm, hazy sunny, wind 5 knots, gusting to 7. If I were going to have one last sail before winter layup, it was clearly going to be this day. I put in at the A.F. Theraiult & Sons Shipyard, at the mouth of the Meteghan River. On the falling tide, it took me about 2-1/2 hours to get to the big fisher's wharf in Meteghan village…a five mile trip over the road. There, I thought it would be the coolest thing to sail around the buoy, not quite a half-mile off shore, before heading home.

Then, I looked at my watch. It was 4pm. The sun was getting low on the horizon. I knew the temperature would soon start to drop, and the wind might die off completely, though I'd have a fair stream for the return trip. I decided to leave it for another day and turned back towards the Shipyard. The tide also turned, and – as sometimes happens here – instead of dying off as I had thought it might, the wind picked up. Picked up quite a lot, actually. By 4:15pm, it was easily blowing 15 knots, gusting to 25.

Even with a sprit boom, keeping the worst of the twist out of the sail, the boat began that rhythmic rolling that seems to build on its own momentum. In desperation, I let the sheet run until the sail was streaming out in front of the mast. That stopped the rolling, but hardly slowed down the boat at all. Pretty soon, there was an impressive sea running. It doesn't take much sea to impress one when in a 12' long, three 6" planks to a side, skiff. And, the wind had picked up another four or five knots.

I was hugging the shoreline as closely as I dared, weighing the possibility of a miserable – and risky – swim, against tearing the bottom out of the boat if I hit any of the boulders I knew were generously strewn about the bottom. The last 1/2-mile of the trip I spent with my butt hanging off the backside of the transom – hiking aft, in effect – to keep the force of the wind from driving the bow under. At 4:35pm, I slipped inside the breakwater at A.F. Theriault's and rowed the last 200' back to the trailer.

Having come through it with nothing worse than a thoroughly soaked backside, it's a good yarn and I enjoy the telling of it. But, I never took the *Pamplemousse* out on the Bay, in November, again.



About the Author

By Bob Hicks

Ernie Cassidy goes way back with us, he played a prominent part in our *Cycle Sport* motorcycle magazine publishing days in the early '70s. He first turned up with photos from some of the racing events we covered, then began writing race reports, and when I got real busy after starting a second magazine he took over my editorial duties for *Cycle Sport*. He was full of enthusiasm and did a great job for us, but when he chose to move to Nova Scotia to live in the mid '70s we naturally parted ways. Now he's back in boat writing mode, and we're pleased to have him with us again.

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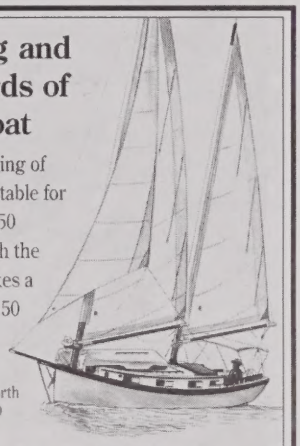

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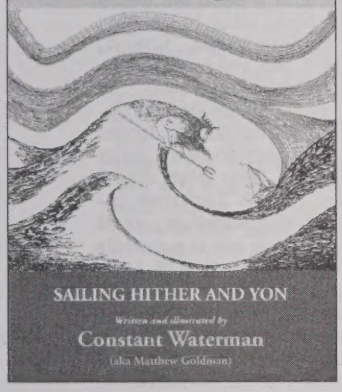

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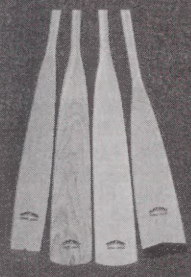

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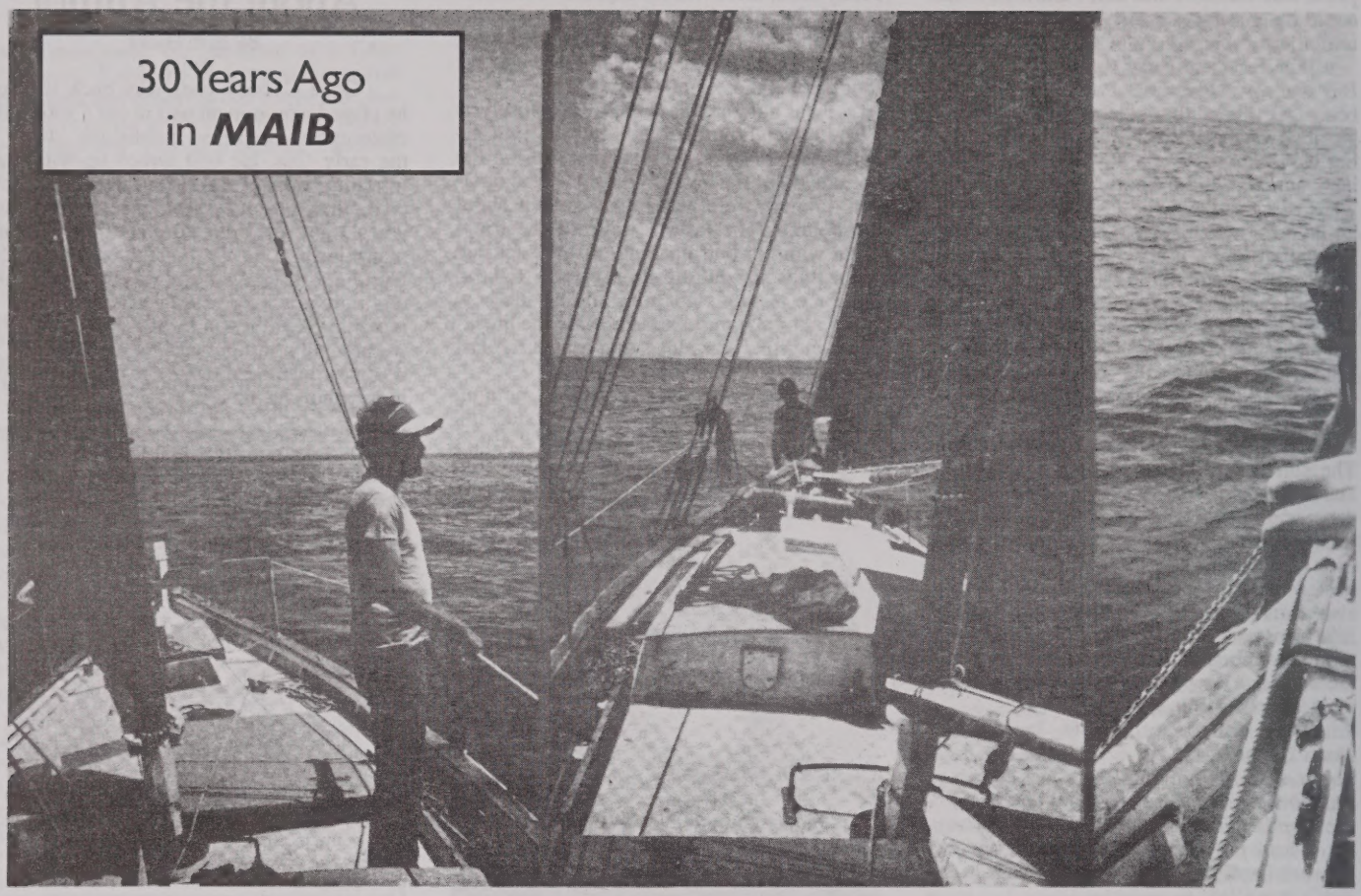


ZEBRA DUN... There are times when all that

The three of us were sprawled on the deck of ZEBRA DUN as she sailed herself along, headed for the Isles of Shoals in a series of long windward tacks. The early morning calm had given way to a moderate breeze and the warm July sun shone down on us benevolently. "This is when all that money and work pay off," John remarked. It was nice.

John is in the 12th year of his love affair with his 48 foot Tancook schooner. He started to build her in 1971 out in California. Readers of early WOODEN BOAT issues might recall John's two articles on the tribulations involved building his dreamboat. Like, getting her framed up and ready for planking, only to have to remove her from the lot on which she sat when it was sold by the landlady. Remove her all the way to Texas by truck. But first, take her apart! Then, finish her off in Texas. And then the breakup of his marriage when his wife just couldn't accept the idea of life aboard this "workboat" as they would sail from Texas to New England.

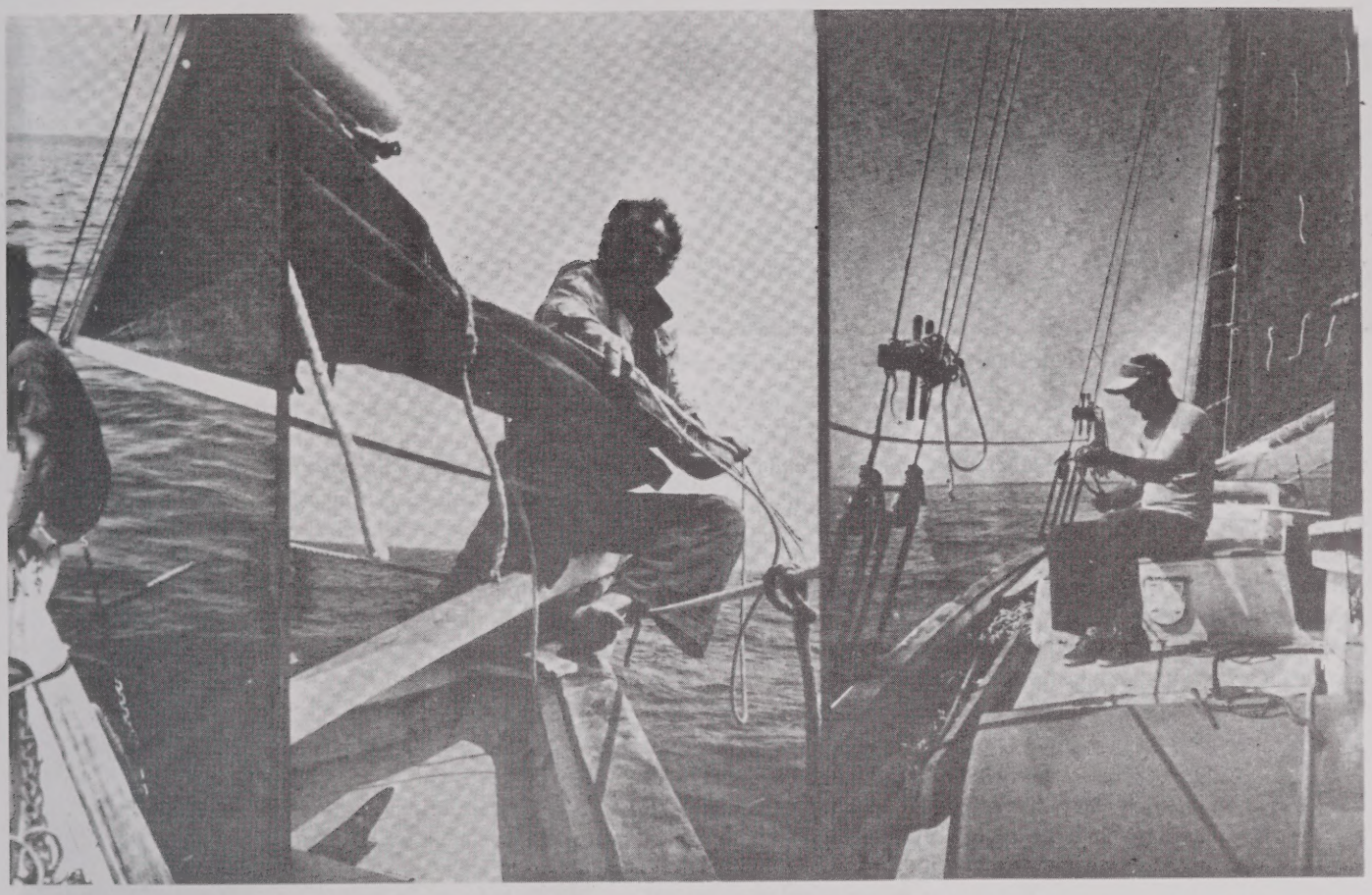
Now it is 1983, and ZEBRA DUN is sailing for the first time in nearly three years. Earlier this week John and Ernie had met at Freeport, Maine to get her rigged and ready to go, with plans to first get the three year accumulation of marine organisms off her bottom. "They wanted $300 to haul her and clean the bottom and paint it," John explained. Since John had just given up his job back in Oklahoma after a two year stint to raise money for ZEBRA DUN's needs, and had sunk about $7000 into a new 20hp diesel, and four tons of lead ballast, he just wasn't ready for this kind of price.

I had joined John and Ernie at Kittery Point where they were going to lean the Tancook against the town pier at high tide and then scrape off the bottom and paint it as the tide went out. But, somebody else had beat them to the only spot. "Might as well go sailing," was the solution to this. They had sailed ZEBRA DUN down from Freeport after plans to careen her in Chandler's Cove on Cheabeague Island had been abandoned when they got a look at the tide coming in over the bar they had thought to use. The 30 knot northwesterly that first day had skimmed most of the "grass" off the bottom, but the big chunks of barnacles were firmly in place, ZEBRA DUN's bottom looked like an underwater rock. Knocking off the clumps that could be reached from the dinghy with a hoe hadn't made much a a dent in the accumulation.

Despite all this drag, ZEBRA DUN was moving along, the sun was shining, we had the day to just daysail and talk and eat and drink. Isles of Shoals was our destination only because it gave us someplace to head towards. The sea breeze was making it a beat, but that's OK, we could run home later in the day.

John and his girlfrirnd, Cheryl, had spent the last two years in Oklahoma managing a ballet company to raise money desperately needed to update ZEBRA DUN. Sailing that 48 footer with no motor had presented many, many big problems and the 20hp Buch diesel was going to cost plenty. The iron inside ballast was fusing together, as it will, and John wanted to get it out while he still could and replace it with lead. That would come to well over $2000 just for all those lead pigs. So ZEBRA DUN had sat out one winter in the water in Portland, Maine, gotten beat up some so that John asked a friend to move her up to Freeport for the following winter. Her topsides desperately needed paint after this prolonged abandonment. John wanted to get some ballast on the outside. That bottom needed cleaning. The rigging needed attention. The broken main boom had been replaced with $20 worth of spruce two by sixes glued up and then rounded down. But, instead, we were out sailing.

We never got to the Isles of Shoals. The cumulus clouds built steadily in the sky, the wind built up until whitecaps appeared. We moved along ever



money and work pay off!

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks

more briskly, until one of those now very black cloud towers passed over us, beneath it a funny ruffled looking dark gray patch of water. It was almost broad on to us, and we barely rounded up to the sudden fierce gusts as the wind switched 90 degrees and hit us hard abeam. The full rig was up, main, fore and jib, and ZEBRA DUN laid well over, the water foamed up over the scuppers, then over the lee rail, as we let the sheets run and all that incredible flapping and snapping and swinging of booms built up. As this squall passed it didn't immediately become obvious where the wind was now going to settle. So, the main was hauled down, the jib taken in. The foresail was sheeted in, the rudder put way down and ZEBRA DUN just sat there easy as could be while we waited to see what the new situation would be. I was really coming to appreciate the virtues of this schooner rig. Earlier, we had been going easily to windward so well balanced that nobody put a hand on the tiller for over an hour, we were all just passengers as ZEBRA DUN sailed herself.

The wind was now a pretty steady 20 knots or so and gusting some, so for a while we tried to beat on to the Isles. But, progress was slow with that crusty bottom, so we wore around, put up the main, double reefed, and the jib and began the long reach back towards Kittery. The sky was now cleared of most of the cumulus, the sun again shone, and soon the wind moderated, we shook out the reefs and relaxed again in the sun.

Then John spotted another schooner off the port bow. "That's one of those Colvin designs," he soon asserted. "Just about our length, but twice as much room in her." We bore off to look her over. She was reaching south with just a jib and foresail, the latter a junk rig sail with all those horizontal battens. With so little sail up in the now much eased breezes, she was easy to overtake.

We pulled alongside on her lee and began to visit. Turns out this was the first outing for her new owners, they'd been caught by that squall with everything up and scared. Now they had discovered that they had a dead battery and could not start the diesel. Their plan was to turn about and motor back to Portsmouth, they moored five miles up the Piscataqua River and HAD to motor at least up the river with its bridges and winding channels. John offered to shepherd them back and show them a spot to anchor off Kittery Point, and urged them to get the main back up in the fast dying breeze.

They did, and we began the reach north again together. Then the owner was successful in starting the diesel with a spare battery he had discovered below. The wind finally pooped out altogether, they motored on home and we slatted around a half hour or so waiting to see if any new breeze would spring up. But, it didn't, so we reluctantly fired up the diesel and motored the last four or five miles back through the lop that the day's diverse winds had created.

ZEBRA DUN, despite her fouled bottom, despite her weathered topsides, despite her size, had been no harder to sail than a small daysailer, and had stood up far better to the surprise squall. She showed me how true all I had read about the charms of the schooner rig was, how pleasant and flexible this rig was to sail. She also had revealed during our conversations how demanding a boat this size can be on her owner's finances, even built and maintained by her owner, her size made her costly to keep. Just like a house, ZEBRA DUN needed an unending procession of attention if she was to fullfill her promise.

John Nation had been coping with all of this since 1971, his emotional committment to this lovely boat was still total. Even faced with yet to be resolved expenses still looming up ("I sure could use a rich uncle") John was optimistic. And like he had said ealier in the day, as ZEBRA DUN eased along in the breeze sailing herself, "This is when all that money and work pay off."

A Bank Clerk's Holiday
The Cruise of the *Whimbrel*, 1931
by John Higson Greenwood

Reprinted from Dinghy Cruising – Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association (UK)

Mike Greenwood sent me his father's log of this 1931 cruise, undertaken with friends when he was a young bank clerk, while we were busy sorting out the history of the West Cheshire Clipper Dinghies at New Brighton (see last issue). His father submitted the log in a holiday essay competition for Lloyds Bank. Not really a dinghy cruise, Mike said, as their vessel was an open racing yacht, but they towed a clinker dinghy behind them for getting ashore. In fact, the 'open racing yacht' was of great interest to me, after I realised I could identify her, and she and her class are possibly more accurately described as racing dayboats; they have ballast, but also lifting centreplates. There is quite a lot to say about the boat and also about the contemporary charts I have used here, drawn by FH Glazebrook at about the same time as the cruise – or earlier. However, this account is a historical document, which I do not intend to contaminate with a commentary running alongside it, full of modern hindsight, so that material resides in a separate section after this one. Now take yourselves back to the first part of the twentieth century, less than three decades after the publication of The Riddle of the Sands ...

A strong Nor'westerly breeze had lashed the dirty waters of the Mersey into a short, white-crested sea for three consecutive days. The yacht *Whimbrel* and her optimistic crew of three had left Eastham each morning, under snug canvas, outward bound for the Menai Straits, only to return on the flooding tide, baffled by wind and sea.

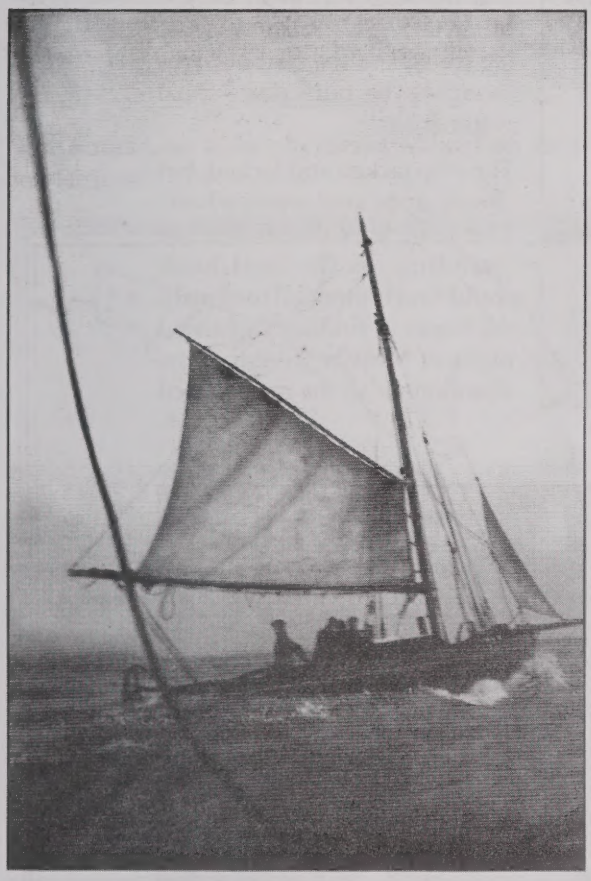
On the fourth day, with two reefs in her mainsail, the little craft dropped down with the morning ebb. As she rounded the Rock Light, she missed the protection of the weather shore and heeled to the freshening squalls, burying a plank or two of her lee deck. From the flagstaff on the coastguard station the storm cone was flying: not a reassuring sight for those hoping to make a sea passage in a half-decked racing boat but twenty feet long. However, she nosed her way through the short chop in the Rock Channel, passed the North Bank Buoy and headed out shore for Spencer Spit Buoy, which marks the shallow passage into the deeper waters of the Horse Channel.

As it was nearing low water the lead kept going – 'Two fathoms' – 'One and a half fathoms' – 'One fathom' – 'Lee-ho!' and away she raced on the other tack to find deeper water. Again the water shoaled, so the anchor was let go in the calm water under the lee of the Hoyle Bank. Whilst waiting for the tide to rise, the crew of the little ship stripped off their salt wet clothes and tumbled overboard for a few glorious minutes. Then a race on the deserted sandbank and ham and eggs, coffee and bread and marmalade.

The wind freshened considerably with the flood tide and the Hoylake fishing fleet came up Channel for shelter, smack after smack, close-reefed and with engines chugging away. To venture outside under such conditions would have been folly and the only alternative was to shelter in Hoylake. The third and last reef was pulled down, therefore and the storm jib set. The bonny craft flew before the wind, rolling in the sea which had now covered the banks, until she reached the Hoylake gutter. Then, hauling her winds, she commenced beating up the gutter, breaking tacks when the water shoaled dangerously. On reaching the anchorage, the chain rattled out and the crew went ashore in the dinghy for a stroll and provisions. They returned aboard as the tide left the yacht and after rigging the cover over the cockpit, they rolled up in their blankets and fell asleep.

The North Passage is well marked (starts NW of Puffin I.) but is not without its hazards in the channel, and after passing through it.

By dawn the weather had improved and with whole sail stretched to the breeze, the *Whimbrel* accompanied the smacks to the sea. Spencer Spit was well covered and the ship sailed lazily over the Hoyle Bank on her way to the Dee. She picked up



Whimbrel *accompanying the smacks – and coming alongside this one close-reefed in a wild sea*

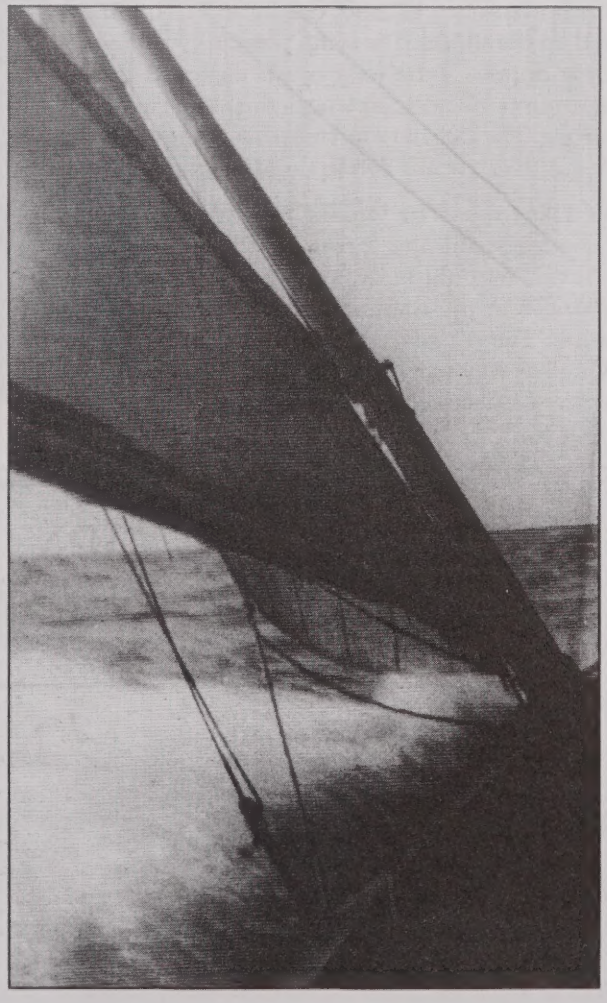
Hilbre Swash buoys, sailed slowly over the Dee ebb past Hilbre Island and through the Welshman's Gut into Mostyn, where the chain again rattled out. The trio enjoyed the luxury of a shave and wash in the scanty stock of fresh water, after borrowing a mirror from a neighbouring yacht *Roulette*. They then oiled their hair and proceeded by bus into Rhyl, arrayed in their best 'go-ashores'.

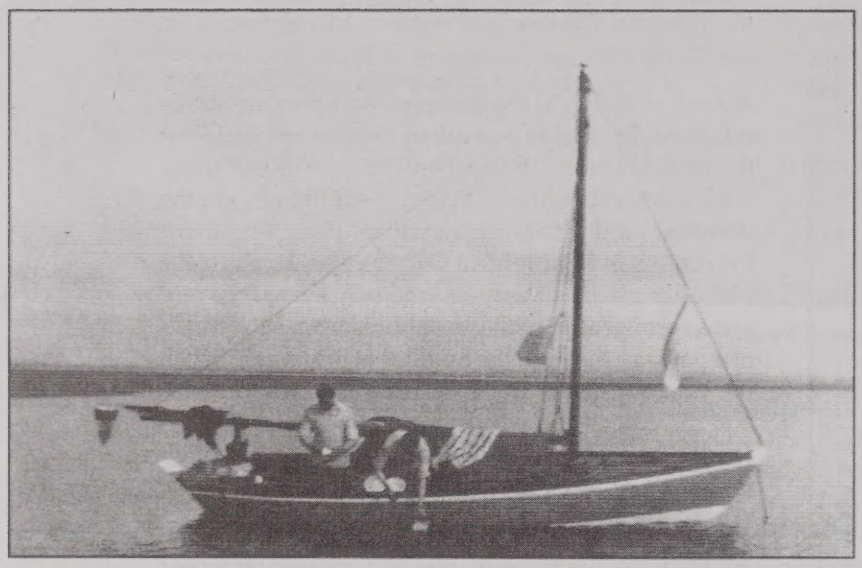
The following morning dawned bright, with a fresh breeze off the land. The crew had their morning swim, partook of a hasty breakfast and got under weigh at high water. A topsail schooner and a ketch with the help of their engines overtook the yacht and mutual congratulations were exchanged on the improved weather. The large vessels stood well out to sea, whilst the yacht shaped a course for the Ormes Head, after leaving the Prestatyn Buoy. The little ship fairly romped along in the smooth sea, the water bubbled along her lee rail and the dinghy fastened astern tugged at its painters, its stern low and a smother of foam under its snout. Porpoises frequently approached close to the boat, their shining backs rising rhythmically out of the water. After rounding the Orme, *Whimbrel* crossed the Conway Estuary and entered Menai Straits by the North Passage, anchoring in Friars Bay.

A week of sailing in the sheltered waters of the Straits followed. Every day was full of interest and incident: the ramble around the boat building yards of Bangor – the Carnival at Menai Bridge – sunbathing on the deserted sand dunes of Caernarvon Bar – a swim for the dinghy at midnight, at Garth, when every stroke caused myriads of lights in the water and legs and arms seemed afire with phosphorescence – the thrills of a passage through the Swillies at low water, when the tide boils over the rocks in a smother of foam and the eddies and whirlpools in the actual channel render the craft absolutely unmanageable, although in fact quite safe – and then – the last night in the Straits, anchored off Garth Ferry.

At daybreak the sloop was drifting out of the Straits with ebbing tide. She picked up a light breeze at Puffin Island and close hauled for Ormes Head. Although the flood was now with the ship she made little headway, arriving in Llandudno Bay at high water, with six hours of foul ebb tide to contend with. The vessel therefore anchored close to the pier and the occupants trundled overside for a swim, which had been delayed by the early start from Garth.

Heeling to the freshening breeze





After breakfast at Abermenai

Mostyn harbour. Here she close hauled to enter the harbour and – ran into the shoals. The centreboard was up in no time and the ship was away on the other tack. She made another leg for where the harbour was thought to be, but – alas! – shoal water again.

The ship tacked and tacked, but shoals appeared everywhere. The lead was discarded for sounding, as the boat hook could find bottom all too easily. All hopes of finding a peaceful night in Mostyn were by now abandoned: all the crew hoped

During the leisurely meal that followed, the wind veered round to the north and freshened considerably, sending an uncomfortable swell into the bay. The boat pitched and rolled violently until the crew made sail and shaped a course for the Dee. With wind abeam the vessel travelled well, her lee gunwale dipping in the seas and sending an occasional shower of spray over the deck. Hour after hour she raced against the tide, leaving a broad white wake astern. The sun sank below the horizon in a blaze of colour and twinkling lights appeared on the shores. The wind was chilly and one by one the crew donned extra jerseys and fastened their oilskins closer around the neck. At length the flood came to help the ship along. The Dee fairway buoys were picked out and the sheet was freed for the run up to Mostyn.

Chester River is a mass of shoals with one or two meandering channels running through them. These are marked at intervals by unlit buoys, which are uncharted, as frequent changes in the channel make any permanent record impossible. The *Whimbrel* therefore ran up the River carefully picking her way with lead and line, until by some fortuitous chance she descried the buoy off the entrance to

Dried out in the Dee Estuary

for was ten feet of good salt water where the boat could lie at anchor till daylight. At long last the boat hook failed to find bottom and the lead line showed a fathom and a half. The anchor went overside with a splash and three weary men rolled up in their blankets and slept like logs.

On awakening the next day they felt the ship strangely still and on peering out found themselves in a desert of sand, mile upon mile of it with never a sign of water. The *Whimbrel* had ebbed out

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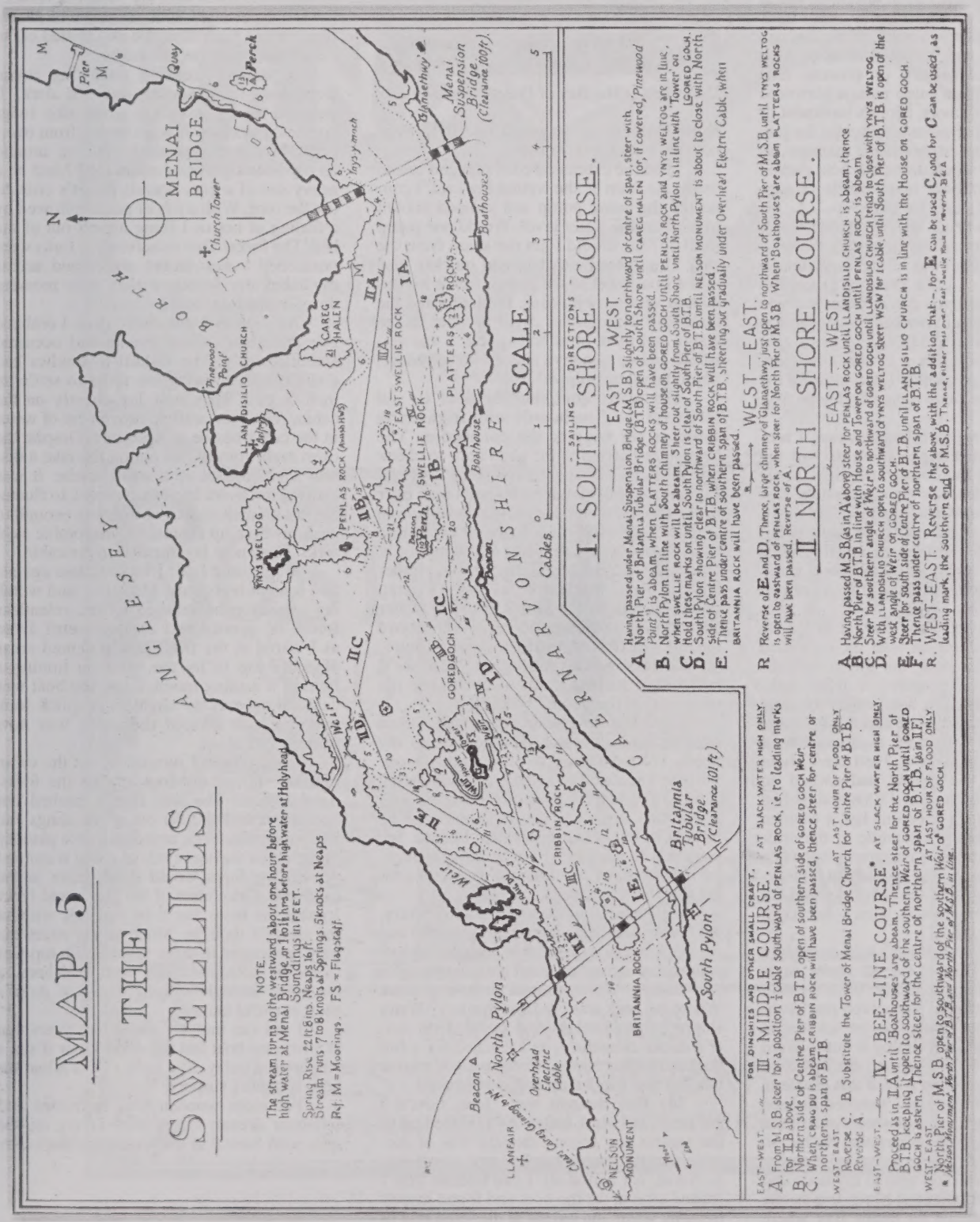
in the middle of the Dee – some four miles past Mostyn! Immediately the tide floated her, the ship was under weigh and, carrying whole sail, and spinnaker, she made a good passage to Hilbre Island. The wind came up much stronger and, as Hilbre Swash has a bad reputation for knocking up a sea, sail was shortened and the ship headed for the Mersey.

The *Whimbrel* picked up her moorings at seven o'clock that night, sails were stowed and the ship was cleaned up. Three dirty, unshaven sailormen rowed ashore in the dinghy and with sighs of regret threw off their oilskins, blue 'ganseys' and the remainder of their seagoing kit.

* * * * * * * *

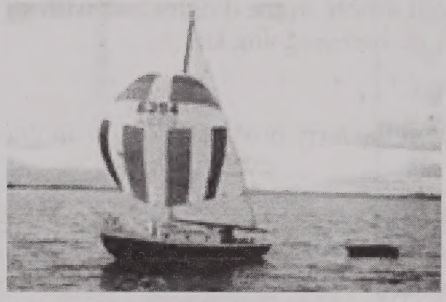
Nine hours later three city clerks walked on the ferry boat, complete with linen collars, subdued ties and bowler hats. *JHG*


MAP 5
THE SWELLIES
NOTE.
The stream turns to the westward about one hour before high water at Menai Bridge or 1 to 1½ hrs before high water at Holyhead
Soundings in FEET.
Spring Rise 22 ft 8 ins. Neaps 16 ft.
Stream runs 7 to 8 knots at Springs 5 knots at Neaps
R.f. M = Moorings. FS = Flagstaff
ANGLESEY
CAERNARVONSHIRE
MENAI BRIDGE
Church Tower
Quay
Pier
Perch
Pinewood Point
LLANDISILIO CHURCH
Belfry
YNYS WELTOG
Weir
PENLAS ROCK (Awash HW)
CAREG HALEN
EAST SWELLIE ROCK
SWELLIE ROCK
PLATTERS ROCKS
Boathouses
Boathouse
Plas Penlas
Menai Suspension Bridge (Clearance 100 ft.)
Britannia Tubular Bridge. (Clearance 101 ft.)
GORED GOCH
CRIBBIN ROCK
BRITANNIA ROCK
Beacon A
North Pylon
Overhead Electric Cable
South Pylon
NELSON MONUMENT
LLANFAIR
SCALE.
Cables
SAILING DIRECTIONS
I. SOUTH SHORE COURSE.
EAST — WEST
A. Having passed under Menai Suspension Bridge (M.S.B) slightly to northward of centre of span, steer with North Pier of Britannia Tubular Bridge (B.T.B) open of South Shore until CAREG HALEN (or, if covered, Pinewood Point) is abeam, when PLATTERS ROCKS will have been passed.
B. North Pylon in line with South chimney of house on GORED GOCH until PENLAS ROCK and YNYS WELTOG are in line, when SWELLIE ROCK will be abeam. Steer out slightly from South Shore until North Pylon is in line with Tower on LLANDISILIO CHURCH.
C. Hold these marks on until South Pylon is clear of South Pier of B.T.B.
D. South Pylon showing clear to northward of South Pier of B.T.B. until NELSON MONUMENT is about to close with North side of Centre Pier of B.T.B. when CRIBBIN ROCK will have been passed.
E. Thence pass under centre of southern span of B.T.B. steering out gradually under Overhead Electric Cable, when BRITANNIA ROCK will have been passed.
WEST — EAST.
R. Reverse of E and D. Thence large chimney of Glanadthwy just open to northward of South Pier of M.S.B. until YNYS WELTOG is open to eastward of PENLAS ROCK, when steer for North Pier of M.S.B. When 'Boathouses' are abeam PLATTERS ROCKS will have been passed. Reverse of A.
II. NORTH SHORE COURSE.
EAST — WEST
A. Having passed M.S.B. (as in A above) steer for PENLAS ROCK until LLANDISILIO CHURCH is abeam, thence
B. North Pier of B.T.B. in line with House and Tower on GORED GOCH until PENLAS ROCK is abeam
C. Steer for southern angle of Weir to northward of GORED GOCH until LLANDISILIO CHURCH tends to close with YNYS WELTOG.
D. With LLANDISILIO CHURCH open to southward of YNYS WELTOG steer WSW for Feable until South Pier of B.T.B. is open of the west angle of Weir on GORED GOCH.
E. Steer for south side of Centre Pier of B.T.B. until LLANDISILIO CHURCH is in line with the House on GORED GOCH
F. Thence pass under centre of northern span of B.T.B.
R. WEST-EAST. Reverse the above, with the addition that – for E can be used C, and for C can be used, as leading mark, the southern end of M.S.B. Thence, either pass over East Swelle Rock or reverse B & A.
FOR DINGHIES AND OTHER SMALL CRAFT.
EAST—WEST. — III. MIDDLE COURSE. AT BLACK WATER HIGH ONLY
A. From M.S.B. steer for a position 1 cable south-ward of PENLAS ROCK, ie. to leading marks for II B above.
B. Northern side of Centre Pier of B.T.B. open of southern side of GORED GOCH Weir
C. When CRAIG DU is abeam CRIBBIN ROCK will have been passed, thence steer for centre of northern span of B.T.B
AT LAST HOUR OF FLOOD ONLY
WEST-EAST
Reverse C. B. Substitute the Tower of Menai Bridge Church for Centre Pier of B.T.B.
Reverse A
EAST-WEST. — IV. BEE-LINE COURSE.* AT SLACK WATER HIGH ONLY
Proceed as in II A until 'Boathouses' are abeam. Thence steer for the North Pier of B.T.B. keeping it open to southward of the southern Weir of GORED GOCH until GORED GOCH is ashern. Thence steer for the centre of northern span of B.T.B. (as in II F)
AT LAST HOUR OF FLOOD ONLY
WEST-EAST
North Pier of M.S.B. open to southward of the southern Weir of GORED GOCH.
* Menai Monument, North Pier of B.T.B. and North Pier of M.S.B. in line.

Soaking Up

From *Living On The Edge with Sara B*

By Susan Gately



Under sail in the Bay of Quinte around 1990.

These days not many boat owners recall the soaking up ritual associated with the spring launch of a wooden boat. The usual custom, back before plastic hulls, was to launch the boat and wait a few days before going for a sail. This allowed the hull to sort of settle in and find its equilibrium after it became saturated. Smaller boats were simply left at a backwater dock to fill up. If all went according to plan, the boat would settle on the bottom and sit awash for a day or two. The owner would then bring a bucket down, evict the muskrats and snapping turtles and start bailing. After the initial de-watering, the boat would hopefully stay dry or, more often, at least leak at a manageable rate.

Larger boats like *Sara B*, those that had inboard motors and wiring, had to be kept afloat during the soaking up process. One or two or even three sump pumps borrowed from friends, neighbors, Mom's basement or the town fire department usually did the job. If you had a cooperative marina manager, as *Sara B* did, you would leave the boat parked on the marine railway in its cradle or supported in the lift slings for a day.

By 1980, when I became the owner of 23' cedar and oak *Ariel* with an inboard motor, the soaking up ritual was all but forgotten on the south shore of Lake Ontario. Fiberglass was the rule and once it was launched you were expected to get your boat out of the slip and out of the way. And even 20 years ago, "we don't do wooden boats," was a far from uncommon marina policy. I had to make the best of it with the sump pumps and hope they would keep up.

As part of my own launch ritual, I usually spent the first night afloat aboard the boat. I worried that someone might come along and accidentally or deliberately disconnect the power. Usually within 24 hours I could unplug her long enough to move to her home dock, but the first few hours afloat were always nerve wracking. If it had been a warm dry spring or if I was late launching, even two sump pumps barely kept up.

As we watched *Sara B* settle in for the start of her third season with us, I recalled the year Fred Cornwall, the owner of Pultneyville's Harbor, acquired a huge forklift. It was designed to handle 20' shipping containers and, though old and a bit cranky, the heavy brute was more than capable of launching a 25' motorboat. Fred knew about wooden boats. His family had owned an old gaffer built in the late 1800s and he had learned to sail when everyone had a wooden boat. So Fred was sympathetic to the critical buoyancy issues of elderly woodies when first launched. He had no problem at all leaving *Ariel* supported in the slings to soak up overnight. And he could launch her right beside her home dock.

The forklift mast wasn't high enough to get *Ariel*'s keel clear of the aft cradle angle braces as she sat on the trailer. With the help of a friendly bystander we solved that problem by lifting just enough to get the weight off the cradle and then sliding it out forward from under the boat. Feeling rather pleased with ourselves at having solved that problem, the helpful bystander and I watched as Fred lowered *Ariel* into the calm waters of Salmon Creek on a mild spring afternoon. So far, so good. This is great, I thought, having a peaceful place to launch right next to my dock and a sympathetic lift operator. Much less hectic than the usual launch on Sodus Bay where I always had to get the boat rigged and her motor running so we could be off to Pultneyville within a day or two.

I had the extension cord plugged in and ready. As soon as she wetted her keel, I connected the sump pump and jumped aboard to monitor the water level. Would one pump keep up? Or should I get the spare from the car? The water poured in and quickly rose to the float level of the pump, which kicked on and kept up with ease. Fred adjusted the forks low enough for *Ariel* to float in the slings and then, after seeing that I was satisfied, bid us goodbye and drove off home. Then the pump stopped.

The water continued to pour in and rose over the floorboards with frightening speed as we wiggled the connection. The bystander hurried to the shed door to check the breakers. Locked! And Fred had the key. Another bystander who had come over to see if *Ariel* would stay afloat volunteered to drive down to Fred's house about a mile away. Meantime the water was lapping at the oil dipstick of *Ariel*'s little two-cylinder inboard. *Ariel* would not sink in the 6' deep creek, thanks to the slings. But the water appeared to be finding its level well above the oil dipstick. And the engine carburetor was less than a foot higher. Man, we'd better start bailing if we want to keep the water out of the engine block!

I grabbed the bucket and jumped down into the cabin where it was now up to my knees. We were going to need an oil change for sure. I scooped up some water and passed it up to the helpful bystander who dumped it. He then suggested we trade places as he figured he could bail faster than I could. We went at it as hard as we could, passing buckets hand to hand and flinging the water over the side, but the water kept rising.

My memory of events gets a little hazy, but I seem to recall, as my heart pounded and my arms began to ache, that a second helper and bucket arrived so that I was dumping for two bailers. We continued to lose ground. Where the heck was Fred and that key? Water slopped from buckets and puddled on *Ariel*'s decks. Somehow, as I reached for a full bucket, my foot slipped on the painted engine box top and I ended up going overboard.

My first thought was "Jeez, how'd I get here" as I went under. As I bobbed up to the surface my second thought was of surprise that the spring creek water runoff was so warm, not bad at all, I can tolerate this. I looked around for the boat and found myself treading water and gazing at the fixed grin of a dead cat floating a foot away. EEEUUU get me outta here!! I yelled. "Don't swallow any water," somebody called. One of the helpers reached down off the boat and I grabbed his arm and he hauled me up. Then Fred's yellow convertible pulled in with the key.

After things settled down I went home and got a change of clothes. I then returned to spend my customary first night after launch aboard the boat. As darkness gathered and spread from the shadows I blew out my kerosene reading light and settled into my bunk. The pump was now kicking on at 20 minute intervals. *Ariel* was soaking up. All was well with the world as I looked forward to one more season afloat with my "dear old vessel." It was a quiet night with the music of distant spring frogs for a serenade as I drifted off to a dreamless sleep in safe harbor.

A strange creaking crunching sound woke me. I lay staring into the dark. It repeated again, sounding a bit like twigs crushed underfoot. It was coming from overhead. Was some creature walking around on my boat's plywood cabin top? Must be a heavy son of a gun. Sounds like it's crunching the roof. With a jolt of panic followed by a feeling of horror I flung myself out of the bed. The forks! Two massive steel forks were positioned a few inches above and across my cabin top. Somehow they were pressing down against my boat.

As soon as I got above deck I realized two regrettably timed events had occurred simultaneously. The forklift hydraulics had a slight leak allowing the forks to settle an inch or two. They now lay directly on the cabin. And I saw a slight movement of water in the creek beside us upstream. Despite the calm night somewhere out on the lake a distant wind had set up a small seiche. It was causing the water level in the creek to fluctuate just an inch or so, but that was enough to push my boat up against the inexorable steel forks. They now lay directly on the cabin.

What could I do? I was helpless against two tons of buoyancy. Must I sit and watch my cabin top be crushed by the relentless forces of gravity and displacement? Even as I stared at the two slightly dented areas of cabin top lit by the soothing luminous light of a waning moon, I saw the boat was descending ever so slightly. A quick look over the side proved the creek was now flowing out again.

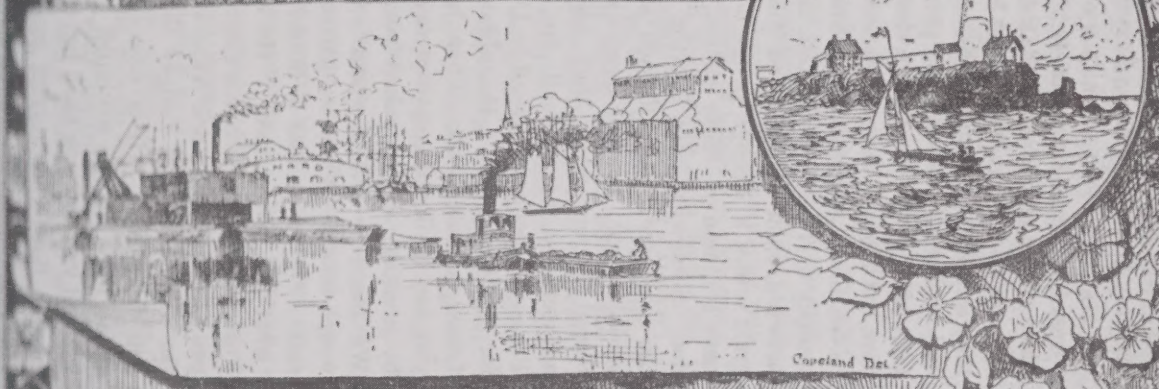
Hope flared. I jumped up on the cabin top and shoved my foot against the forks. *Ariel* moved! She was free. I pushed her backwards and slid her out of the slings and from under the forks, urged on by the panicky thought that the next cycle of rising water and descending forks would surely cave in the cabin top. Once clear of the slings and forks I retied the boat. She'll be just fine without the slings I thought. Much to my relief the only permanent damage to the cabin top was two soft spots where the forks had been, a reminder through ensuing years of *Ariel*'s most eventful launch.

I did run into her about five years ago at a wooden boat fest but don't know if she's still around today. She hadn't been afloat for quite a while I suspect.

For more wooden boat memories and schooner dreams check out *Living on the edge with Sara B* at www.chimneybluff.com

THE THIRD EDITION. 1888. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

KING'S HAND BOOK



OF BOSTON HARBOR.

BY

M. F. SWEETSER.

ILLUSTRATED BY

CHARLES COPELAND

AND OTHERS.

BOSTON, MASS.

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Peddock's Esland and its Tragedy.

GRAPE AND SLATE ISLANDS. — NUT ISLAND AND ITS ARTILLERY. — HANGMAN'S ISLAND.

THE most conspicuous object in the view from the west end of Hull is the quiet and peaceful Peddock's Island, where, between two bold grassy bluffs, several snug houses are seen, clearly outlined against a background of dark-green orchards. Here dwell the Cleverlys, who, father and son, have piloted vessels into Weymouth and Quincy for half a century. From their sitting-room windows they look down Nantasket Roads and seaward, and watch their vessels coming in. From the East Head a magnificent view is gained over the lower harbor, and down on to Fort Warren, only a mile away. This fine hill is separated from Windmill Point and the Hotel Pemberton by the narrow and rushing strait of Hull Gut, a quarter of a mile wide. Thence the island rambles away to the south-west, hill and dale and isthmus, with four miles of coast-line, to within lêss than a mile of the shores of Quincy. The semi-insulated bluff of Prince's Head long supported the ponderous iron-clad targets upon which Norman Wiard's great guns played from Nut Island, their hurtling missiles tearing and piercing the iron plates as if they had been pine planks.

Not one in ten thousand of the happy summer idlers who sail by Peddock's know that it was once the scene of a tragedy of terrible results, which were thus recorded two hundred and fifty years ago: "It fortuned, some few yeares, before the English came to inhabit at new Plimmouth in New England; that upon some distaste given in the Massachusetts bay, by Frenchmen, then trading there with the Natives for beaver, they set upon the men, at such advantage, that they killed manie of them, burned their shipp, then riding at Anchor by an Island there, now called Peddocks Island in memory of Leonard Peddock that landed there (where many wilde Auckies haunted that time which hee thought had bin tame), distributing them unto 5 Sachems which were Lords of the severall territories adjoyninge. They did keep them so longe as they lived, onely to sport themselves at them, and made these five Frenchmen fetch them wood and water, which is the generall worke that they require of a servant. One of these five men out livinge the rest had learned so much of their language, as to rebuke them for their bloudy deeds, saying that God would be angry with them for it; and that hee would in his displeasure destroy them; but the Salvages (it seems boasting of their strength,) replyed and say'd, that they were so many, that God could not kill them. But contrary wise in short time after, the hand of God fell heavily upon them, with such a mortall stroake, that they died on heapes, as they lay in their houses; and the living that were able to shift for themselves would runne away, & let them dy, and let there Carkáses ly above the ground without buriall. For in a place where many inhabited, there hath been but one left alive, to tell what became of the rest, the livinge being (as it seems) not able to bury the dead, they were left for Crowes, Kites, and vermin to pray upon. And the bones and skulls upon the severall places of their habitations, made such a spectacle after my comming into those partes, that as I travailed in that Forrest, nere the Massachussets, it seemed to mee a new-found Golgotha."

In these words does Morton, one of the earliest settlers, narrate the tragedy of Peddock's Island, and the Divine wrath which, as the savages believed, came upon the red tribes. The *auckies* spoken of were probably great auks, a strange penguin-like bird, which Dr. Elliott Coues says was once common on these shores, but cannot now be found south of Labrador. Somewhat later, Morton received a more circumstantial account of the massacre of the French sailors from a chief who was engaged in the terrible work. "The Salvagis seemed to be good freinds with vs while they feared vs, but when they see famin prevail, they begun to insult, as apeareth by the seaquell: for on of thayr Pennesses or Chef men, Caled Pexsouth, implyed himself to Learne to speek Einglish, obsarving all things for his bloudy ends. He told me he Loued Einglish men very well, but he Loued me best of all. Then he said, 'you say ffrench men doe not loue you, but I will tell you what wee have done to ym. Ther was a ship broken by a storm. Thay saued most of theyr goods & hid it in the Ground. We maed ym tell us whear it was. Yn we maed ym our sarvants. Thay weept much. When we parted them, we gave ym such meat as our dogs eate. On of ym had a Booke he would ofen Reed in. We Asked him 'what his Booke said.' He answered, 'It saith, ther will a people, like French men, com into this Cuntry and driue you all a way, & now we thincke you ar thay.' We took Away thayr Clothes. Thay liued but a little while. On of them Liued Longer than the Rest, for he had a good master & gaue him a wiff. He is now ded, but hath a sonn Alive. An other Ship Came into the bay wth much goods to Trucke, yn I said to the Sacham, I will tell you how you shall have all for nothing. Bring all our Canows and all our Beauer & a great many men, but no bow nor Arrow Clubs, nor Hachits, but knives vnder ye scins yt About our Lines. Throw vp much Beauer vpon thayr Deck; sell it very Cheep & when I giue the word, thrust yor knives in the French mens Bellys. Thus we killed ym all. But Monnsear Ffinch, Master of thayr ship, being wounded, Leped into ye hold.

We bidd him com vp, but he would not. Then we cutt thayr Cable & ye Ship went Ashore & lay upon her sid & slept ther. Ffinch cam vp & we killed him. Then our Sacham devided thayr goods and ffiered theyr Ship, & it maed a very greeat fier. Som of our Company Asked ym 'how long it was Agoe sinc thay first see ships?' Thay said thay could not tell, but thay had heard men say ye first ship yt thay see, seemed to be a floting Iland, as thay suposed broken of from the maine Land, wrapt together wh the roats of Trees, with some trees upon it. Thay went to it with thayr Canows, but seeing men and hearing guns, thay maed hast to be gon."

The Pilot's House. Peddock's Island.

Many years later traditions of these events lingered around the Bay, and pieces of French money were found near the Indian villages of Dorchester. But no record can be found of Leonard Peddock, who has left so great a monument in our harbor.

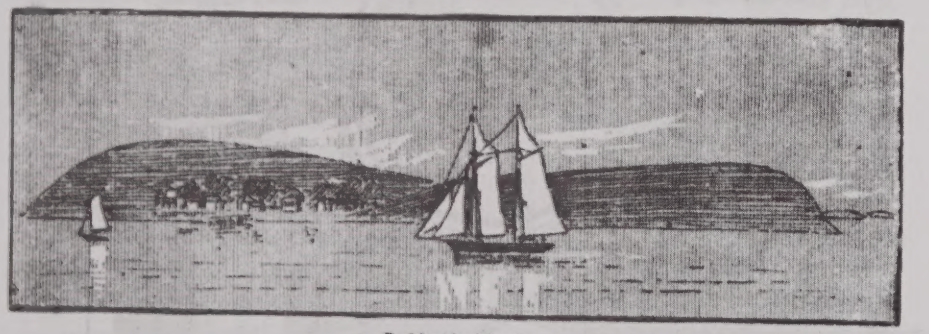
In 1634 the island was granted to Charlestown, for twenty years, to keep cattle upon. The rich, sweet grass on the bluffs seems to have been very kindly food for domestic animals; for in May, 1775, there were 30 cattle and 500 sheep here, which a raiding party of amphibious American infantry swept off, and carried to the mainland. The next year 600 militia of Boston and the Old Colony encamped here, to guard the harbor entrance. In spite of Sir Edmund Andros's dictum, that an Indian deed to land was of "no more value than the scratch of a bear's claw," the people of Hull were careful to secure a grant of the island from one of the last Massachusee sachems; and the domain was early taken from Charlestown and given to Nantasket, whose people divided it up, each taking four acres.

In 1778 the great French fleet of the Count D'Estaing, battered by storms and by British guns, took refuge in Boston Harbor. While the vessels were being refitted, large numbers of the soldiers and sailors were set ashore on the islands, where they erected fortifications. Soon afterwards a British fleet of a hundred sail approached the harbor, but were fain to turn to sea again when they saw the island-forts. There is a tradition that the outer head of Peddock's was fortified at this time; and very faint remains of the old intrenchments are still pointed out. As Chevalier states in his history of the French navy, "Des batteries étaient déjà commencées sur quelques-unes des nombreuses îles qui avoisinaient la rade." As he previously gives a minute description of the French forts at Hull and George's Island, this paragraph must refer to other localities near Nantasket Roads, of which Peddock's afforded the best site for defensive works.

There are grewsome traditions of wrecks on these bold shores, one of them relating to a plague-ship which drifted into the northern cove. It was perhaps thought best to have a domain so associated with suffering and death placed under some form of ecclesiastical supervision, and Peddock's became a part of the parsonage-lands of Hull. About twenty years ago it was bought by Miss Sallie Jones of Hingham, who now owns the entire island save a narrow strip of eight acres. There is a landing-stage near Cleverly's house; and in August camping-parties frequent certain parts of the island, their white tents making pretty contrasts with the dark bluffs. Peddock's is a series of lenticular hills, almost insulated from each other, and joined only by low bars. The hotel guests at Hull enjoy the results of the cattle-grazing along these curving highlands, and the fruits and vegetables of the little farm. Nor are the higher senses without satisfaction here; for one of Foxcroft Cole's best paintings (much admired at the St. Botolph Club) portrayed the lovely view down the glen back of the houses, and the luxuriant orchard, with its network of wind-twisted boughs.

In the southern port of the harbor, beyond Peddock's, are several interesting little islands, rarely visited by summer explorers, yet each helping to make up the lovely panorama of blended sea and shore. Grape Island, a rather pretty and fertile islet, lies off the mouths of the two Weymouth Rivers, and covers about fifty acres, which are gracefully disposed in two swelling hills. About a furlong distant, to the eastward, rise the thickets and ledges of Slate Island. Grape has been for many years the abode of an eccentric old fisherman whom the harbor people call Captain Smith (a maritime simplification of his true name, which was Amos Pendleton), and who

is distinguished equally for his dangerous temper, his Munchausen stories of a past life of crime, and his complicated and ingenious system of profanity. He claims to have been for many years an officer of a slave-ship, and afterwards of a smuggler on the Spanish Main; and, to the few visitors who could win his confidence, he told blood-curdling stories of battles with cruisers, and long flights over Southern seas, with English or Spanish men-of-war in hot pursuit, long-toms roaring, and slaves dying by scores in the hold. The scene would change from the coast of Africa to the bayous of Louisiana, or the lagoons of South America; but everywhere the story was of horror and bloodshed. Captain Smith has a sinister reputation among the yachtsmen and fishermen of the harbor; and many stories are told of his firing upon invaders of his ancient solitary realm, and planting bird-shot in inconvenient localities. But the writer of this chronicle wandered at will over the domains of this sanguinary hermit, from the great



Peddock's Island.

bowlders on the eastern point to the shell-heaps which the savages left here so long ago, and up the grassy hills, nor heard nor saw the legendary shot-gun which holds four yacht-clubs at bay. Here and there bevies of horses were enjoying the rich pasturage; the perfume of the noble forest on the adjacent Hingham shore came off on the land-breeze; and in the hollow, near the cold spring and the deep water on the south of the island, nestled the snug little house, among its vegetable-gardens.

This was one of the favorite haunts of the Indians, who, like their successors in the land, delighted in large and juicy clams, skilfully baked among hot rocks and fragrant sea-weed. Ring after ring of these stones has been found here, set up edgewise, with beds of clean beach-gravel in the enclosed spaces. Here the careful searcher may still find stone tomahawks, with which, in long-past days, the red epicures broke the clam-shells, while they enjoyed their jovial feasts, and made inscrutable and polysyllabic Massachusee jokes. The esculent clams are still found in great numbers on the western bar.

In 1775 four small British vessels came down from Boston, and anchored off this point, to the intense alarm of the Old-Colony towns, over whose peaceful plains the roar of alarm-guns, the rapid clanging of guns, and the bickering of drums were quickly heard. The rumor fled down the country-side, that 300 red-coats were marching on Weymouth; and all the houses in Old Spain were deserted by the people. Nearly 2,000 well-armed minute-men assembled to cover the towns; and when they found that the object of the naval expedition was the hay on Grape Island, a strong force of rural musketeers put off in boats brought round from Hingham, intending to engage the enemy, and save the Yankee forage. But the raiding-party made haste to get upon their vessels, and sailed away to Boston, happy in the acquisition of several tons of fine hay. Meantime the whole country was aroused, the minute-men made hundreds of ineffectual pot-shots at the scarlet harvesters; and the British schooner-of-war cannonaded Eastward Neck with all her might.

Slate Island, comprising about twelve acres, and nearly nine and a half miles from Boston, is difficult of access except at high tide; but when reached the aptness of the name is evident, for its slaty ledges run far out into the water, their black edges fringed by the light spray. The little beaches are covered with splinters and slabs of slate, which are ground and beaten to and fro by the waves, when they surge around these silent shores. The venerable divine who wrote "New-England's Plantation," in 1630, spoke with enthusiasm of the existence of "plentie of Slates at the Ile of Slate in *Masathulets* Bay." Yet a year later Government ordered that no slate should be taken therefrom without permission. In 1650 the island was granted to William Torrey, with a reservation that "any man shalbe free to make use of the slate." It remained in his possession only two years, passing then by grant to Hull.

Around the coast rise the ragged and irregular ledges of state, well-nigh concealed in places by a luxuriant growth of brown sea-weed and masses of kelp, which seem only floating upon the water's top, though they cling so closely to the rocks below, giving to the island an appearance as if hidden dangers were continually lurking around it. Clambering over the rocks, and across the tiny beaches covered with splinters and fragments of slate, and passing many ancient excavations, one suddenly gets entangled in the high bushes which cover and crown the little island, making of its crest a hopeless jungle. Here, in July, grow the rarest and sweetest red-raspberries, and the perfect golden-rod, —

> "Graceful, tossing plume of glowing gold,
> Waving lonely on the rocky ledge;
> Leaning seaward, lovely to behold,
> Clinging to the high cliff's ragged edge," —

and the sad little purple aster, which dares to stay later than either of the others, until the chilling frosty breezes come down the Bay. On the north and west, towards Grape Island, are low gray cliffs of slate-rock, tier after tier, standing upon edge, or slanting backward or forward like ancient time-worn and weather-beaten tombstones. Here schooners load with the slate; and one may see the quarries, all along, from which they have taken the material for countless cellar-walls and underpinnings. Were its quality better, who knows but that Slate Island, with its rocks and flowers, might vanish as utterly as Nix's Mate has done?

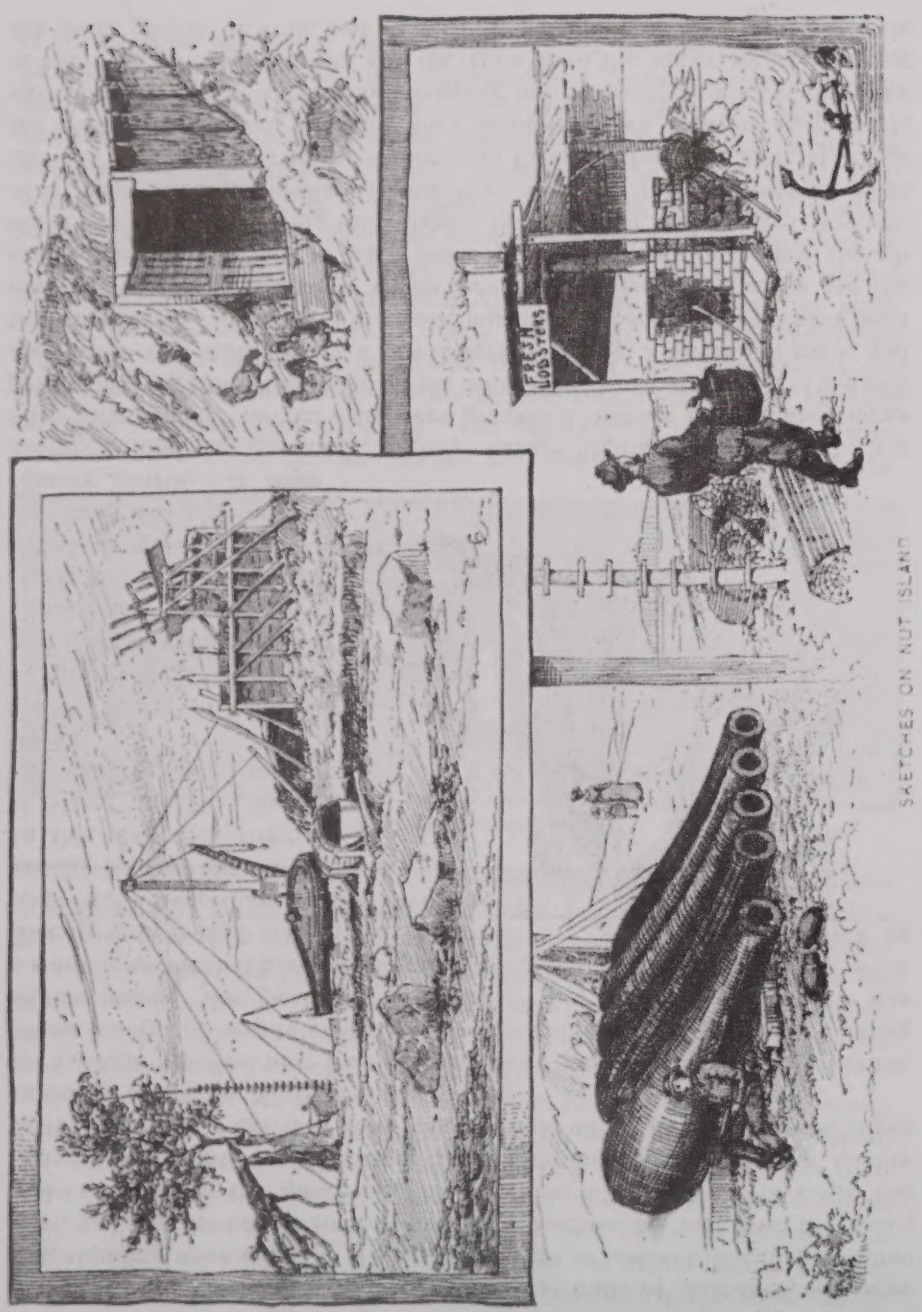
In a rude little hut near the southern shore long dwelt a strange hermit, whose lonely and sequestered life was the subject of many winter-evening stories among the peaceful farms of Hingham. Here was a solitude to which Thoreau's hermitage, surrounded with friendly flowers and fraternal trees, and visited often by respectful Concordians, was as lively as Scollay Square after a *matinée*. In this poor anchorite "the Ile of Slate" may have found its romance, sealed to the world.

Peace and War, Nut Island.

Nut Island lies in Quincy Bay, 7½ miles from Boston, a little to the north of Great Hill on Hough's Neck, and was sometimes called Hough's Tombs on the queer old eighteenth-century charts. It rises sharply on one side into a tall, slightly concave highland, the top of which is fairly rounded and covered with green grass and summer flowers, and slopes gently down again to the water on the other side. Just at the foot of the cliff are one or two sturdy trees, a few deserted cannon, a wharf and track, and three fishermen's huts. The guns are immense, and some of them have been exploded by the great tests to which they were subjected. Yonder are the sand-banks which seem to have stood unyielding their heavy fire, though not so the iron plates lying thereabouts, bent, broken, and pierced through. Many experiments in ordnance have been tried on this sequestered islet; and one can see faintly in the distance on Prince's Head the bluff at which the shots were aimed, although they sometimes fell wide of their mark, ricocheting over the waters, and dropping into the waters about Hull. One of these huge missiles even cut the spile from the upper wharf, startling the good people of Hull, and disturbing the quiet of their peaceful little cemetery on the hill-slope, where it finally landed. This shot weighed 400 pounds, and with great labor was hauled to the hotel, only to be reclaimed by the United States. In October, 1876, a Wiard gun fired a 531-pound shot through 12 inches of solid wrought-iron plates on the Prince's-Head target, 1,650 yards distant. Not far from half a million dollars were spent in the experiments made here by Norman Wiard, in endeavors to find the gun of the future. Here occurred the famous tests of the fifteen-inch breech-loading rifle, made at South Boston, and found to have a range of six miles, and power to drive a shot through twenty inches of iron plate. The newly adopted hydraulic gun-carriages also received their most efficient tests here.

It is very important to have such a testing-ground for heavy ordnance in this vicinity, since the chief manufactory of American fortress-guns is at South Boston. Here, at the famous Alger Foundry, the process of gun-making has been studied as a science for fifty years, during which time 2,000 pieces of heavy ordnance and 500,000 projectiles have been made for the United-States Government. Of these the number furnished during the late Secession War were 700 bronze guns and howitzers, 700 iron guns, 332 of the great Rodmans (of ten-inch calibre and larger), and a few heavy rifles. Here also were made the fifteen-inch Rodmans, weighing twenty-five tons each, with wonderful powers of endurance in long firing. Among these were the guns with which the *Monitor* fought the *Merrimac*, the splendid armament of the *New Ironsides*, and some of the heaviest pieces at Fortress Monroe.

A short bar connects the island with Hough's Neck on the south, and the shallow strait may be forded at low tide. Some years ago a merry party of summer pleasurers drove down here, and essayed to navigate their horse and carriage to the island. But the tide was too far advanced; and the vehicle capsized in deep water, and left several of its occupants to drown. The view from Nut Island is very pretty towards Hough's Neck, across the fields and treetops, and past the towns and villages beyond to the distant Blue Hills; and the air is fragrant with the odors from the flowers and fruits of the shore. Morton, "the Lord of Misrule," wrote that "There are divers arematicall herbes, and plants, as Sassafras, Muske, Roses, Violets, Balme, Laurell, Hunnisuckles, and the like, that with their vapors perfume the aire; and it has bin a thing much observed that, shipps have come from Virginea where there have bin scarce five men able to hale a rope, untill they have come within 40 Degrees of latitude, and smell the sweet aire of the shore, where they have suddainly recovered." And he should certainly know, for he was familiar with every thing about his home, and especially with this locality. Morton tells this little story of himself and Bubbles, the berated "Master of Ceremonies" at Merry-Mount: "To-



SKETCHES ON NUT ISLAND

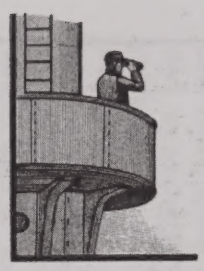
gether Bubbles and hee goes in the Canow to Nut Island for brants, and there his host makes a shotte and breakes the winges of many. Bubbles in hast and single handed, paddels out like a Cow in a cage; his host cals back to rowe two handed like to a pare of oares, and before this could be performed, the fowles had time to swimme to other flockes, and so to escape; the best part of the pray being lost, mayd his host to mutter at him, and so to parte for that time discontended." There are still many fowls at Nut Island, apparently not in the least disturbed by guns greater than Morton's; and could the jolly lord return now with Bubbles, he might perchance think more of the shooting and less of the fowls.

Hangman's Island stands well out in Quincy Bay, with open waters on all sides. It is hardly more than a reef, with deep channels all around, and a convenient strip of beach on the south. Here are several snug little huts of fisher-folk; and among the rocks are patches of corn, potatoes, and other vegetables in their seasons, among which the crickets chirp merrily during the long summer days. Here and there bloom clusters of wild flowers, leaning over the dark ledges, and outliving the gales; and occasionally an adventurous bird, flying from the mainland, rests on the beaten crags. The origin of the name of this inhabited rock is obscure, and hardly invites speculation. Perhaps some of the ancient pirates met their fate here, and the gloomy tragedy is thus commemorated. On a chart published in London in 1775, it is called *Hayman's Island*, and covers a much larger area than at present.

Far in-shore, on the broad flats which stretch out from Mount Wollaston, rises the narrow and singularly curved Half-moon Island; and on the east side of Hough's Neck is Raccoon Island, an irregular tract of ten acres, overlooking the broadenings of Weymouth Fore River. Well out in the centre of the Bay, east of Nut Island, Sheep Island breaks above the blue plain of waters, with its two acres of level ground, whereon, in ancient times, the farmers of the adjacent mainland kept their little flocks, securely fenced by the surges of Massachusetts Bay. Many years ago it bore the name of Sun Island, but it is difficult to imagine why. The snug little domain is now frequently occupied by camping parties, whose tents are visible from the Nantasket and Hingham steamboats, running close by to the eastward.

Less than a mile distant, across the channel, rises the high round hill of Pumpkin, Bumpkin, or Ward's Island, a conspicuous green dome, arabesqued with daisies and thistle-tops, and covering nearly fifty acres. It was bequeathed by Samuel Ward to Harvard College, in 1682, and still belongs to and yields an income to the University.

OUTLINE MAP OF BOSTON HARBOR.



Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

Retailers on the US East Coast may have less than ideal Christmas sales because of difficulties in getting containerized merchandise in stores in time for the holiday season. After Hurricane Sandy, more than 6,000 New York/New Jersey bound containers were diverted to other ports and many ocean carriers declared force majeure, abrogating their responsibility to deliver containers to the original destination port.

Importers had to pick up their boxes at their own cost (although some carriers generously offered to relay containers back to New York/New Jersey at a cost of around $750 per box). Worse, there was an acute shortage of trailers.

West Coast labor unrest quieted without too many container ships being diverted elsewhere or sitting at anchor, but expect labor problems on the Gulf and East Coasts in 2013.

The Panama Canal moved a record 333.7 million Panama Canal tons last fiscal year. (In million Panama Canal tons, full container ships, 119.8; dry bulkers, 83.4; tankers, 51.6.)

One expert said gas and oil projects historically deliver 20-30% less than promised, largely due to a lack of engineering graduates, who shy away from what they see as "a sunset industry."

For a while, bargain hunters could pick up a secondhand VLCC crude oil carrier for only $54.5 million.

Will water levels fall so low that parts of the Mississippi River will be closed to barge traffic? The Coast Guard says no, other entities fear yes. As this is being written, the situation is iffy. A National Weather Service hydrologist predicted lower water levels, possibly below 9', unless there are heavy rains or snow upstream. An increased flow from the Missouri River, which feeds into the Mississippi, would help but the Corps of Engineers is bound by law to refuse requests to release more water, and that alone may close the Mississippi.

Meanwhile, barge drafts are being limited to 8' (instead of the usual 9') with one expert noting that it is not economically sensible to reduce drafts further and some future shipments have been cancelled. There is a race to get grain to Gulf ports for overseas shipment, and a year ago, the river was at flood stage!

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Ships sank or capsized: In nasty weather, the coal carrying *Volgo Balt* 199 sank while waiting to transit the Bosphorus and a coastal safety boat, part of the subsequent rescue operations, hit rocks and also sank with loss of two of its crew of four. Three from the ship were rescued but another ten died.

The car carrier *Baltic Ace* sank after colliding with the container ship *Corvus J.* about 25 miles NW of Westkapelle, The Netherlands. Eleven crewmen and 1,415 vehicles went down with the carrier.

Passing fairway buoys on the wrong side can put you aground. So learned the bulker *Trans Agila* in the Kalmar Sound SW of the Kronogrund and north of Sweden's Olands Bridge. It suffered hull damage and water ingress but got free. After going south about a mile, it was intentionally grounded to keep it from sinking.

Ships hit things: In Germany in thick fog with visibility less than 100 metres, the coaster *Telamon* collided with the ferry Nordenham on the Weser. One woman was hurt. The *Telamon* continued on to hit an anchored dredger.

Also in Germany and in the same dense fog, the coaster *Katharina Siemer* collided with the coaster *Angon* in the North West Anchorage off Brunbuttel. The *Angon* suffered enough damage to its starboard side that it took on water. (Judging from AIS tracks, *Angon* was underway at the time of collision while *Katharina Siemer* was either anchored or drifting.)

The small container ship *Cecilia* allided head on with the Sluiskil Bridge in Holland and damaged the bascule bridge's mechanism.

In the Bahamas, the container ship *MSC Eugenia* holed a bunker oil tank after striking an object in Freeport harbor. The ship was taken offshore while divers set to work to patch the slowly leaking hole.

At Vancouver, the bulk carrier *Cape Apricot* wiped out 100 metres of a causeway at Westshore Terminals, severing the only link with one of the terminal's two loading berths. The causeway carried a road, a coal-carrying conveyor belt, electricity, water and other services. Repairs could take months and so Westshore Terminal, North America's largest coal exporting facility, will not ship out the anticipated 33 million tonnes in the coming year. (Coal, particularly metallurgical coal, is British Columbia's largest export.)

Ships ran aground: While trying to avoid a fishing boat, the container ship *Hanjin Geneva* ran aground on a sandbar at the Prince Rupert harbor entrance in British Columbia. Tugs refloated the ship on the next high tide. (In spite of its Asiatic name, the vessel is German flagged.)

Other bad things happened: Off Holland's coast, the geared bulker *Ocean Victory* ran over a buoy. Its chain became entangled in the bulker's propeller, jamming the main engine to a stop and damaging the propeller. Wind was pushing the vessel towards the beach and various rescue craft futilely tried to hold the bulker. Its crew finally managed to drop an anchor and several tugs soon arrived to relieve the bulker of its misery.

In a Singapore shipyard, a test on the drill platform *Noble Regina Allen* went wrong when the jacking mechanism for one of three lifting legs failed and the platform sharply listed to one side. Ninety workers were hurt, some seriously.

People died: In Hartford County, Missouri, a chain broke while a four to five ton towboat propeller was being removed and it fell, crushing the pelvis of a worker standing several feet away. He died of his injuries.

A crewman on the grain carrying *Tecumseh* accidentally died while the freighter was docked at Thunder Bay, Ontario, and the Transportation Safety Board of Canada decided the circumstances of his death warranted an investigation. (The 29,984dwt, US built ship was formerly the Mexican flagged *Sugar Islander II* and carried sugar. Its bridge wings were trimmed back to satisfy St Lawrence Seaway regulations.)

People were saved: An Alaskan based Coast Guard chopper medevaced a crewman from the container ship *COSCO Long Beach* approximately 200 miles south of Kodiak. He was suffering from abdominal pains.

Gray Fleets

Does it pay a nation to acquire the most advanced warships if not enough qualified operators can be found to man them operationally? That is a question that is plaguing Norway (five advanced frigates of the *Fridtjof Nansen* class) and Australia (its six *Collins* class submarines), Canada, the UK, USA, New Zealand and other navies. Swapping a crew in and out of ships as they deploy helps solve the problem but it's hard on the personnel.

On the day the US Navy officially took the aircraft carrier *Enterprise* out of service after 51 years in the fleet, the Navy announced that its name won't be long absent from the fleet. The third *Gerald R. Ford* class aircraft carrier, CVN-80, will become the ninth ship in the Navy's history to be named *Enterprise*.

The US Navy's IT network is targeted by 110,000 attacks every hour. That translates to 1,833 attacks per minute or some 96.36 billion attacks every year.

The Coast Guard cutter *USCGC Halibut* became suspicious of a panga type small boat off southern California and sent its RHIB, its blue light flashing, to investigate. The panga maneuvered sharply and struck the approaching RHIB at high speed. One of the RHIB's two man crew, the cutter's executive officer, suffered massive head trauma that caused his death. The panga was stopped by other Coast Guard assets and its crew of two were detained.

After a seaman was critically injured when he got between a berthing (mooring) line and a winch on *Landing Ship Tank RSS Endeavour*, the Singapore Navy ordered a 48-hour safety time out (aka "stand down") for its frigates, missile corvettes and landing ships tank.

China confirmed that it is building large amphibious warfare ships. Said the Chinese Communist Party newspaper, "Some of our analysts believe that once China and Japan start a military confrontation, China will be able to use this type of naval vessel in amphibious battles against Okinawa and the Japanese homeland."

On state owned TV, an admiral bragged, "With the amphibious assault ships in our hands, our Navy will be capable of delivering power to any nation within the three island chains in the Pacific. (The so-called "island chains" include the US and Australia.)

White Fleets

While it was heading for the North Cape at the northern tip of Norway, the heating system on the cruise ship *Amadea* broke down when the temperature in Olso was -18° (Celsius, one presumes) and so the ship headed to Bremerhaven for repairs. Most (95%) of the passengers stayed with the ship although cabin temperatures were 9°C. For their bravery, they received a refund of 130% of their fares and the crew was put off duty for a while.

The former cruise ship *Explorer* is now the nautical platform for the Semester at Sea program, carrying college stu-

dents to foreign shores. During a stop at the Island of Dominica, some students went on a snorkeling excursion. The captain of the boat went off to get food and upon his return somehow backed over several students in the water. A female student was dead upon arrival at a hospital.

Due to high winds, the *Pacific Princess* ran over the harbor-marking buoy while entering the port of Yalta. The damaged buoy sank.

The *Celebrity Reflection* had to skip a stop at Tenerife in the Canary Islands after a mechanical problem slowed the ship.

The *Costa Pacifica* suffered minor damage when it collided with a berthing structure called a "dolphin" at Marseille. A strong gust of wind was blamed and there was a one day delay in a Mediterranean cruise.

Those That Go Back and Forth

The Washington State ferry *Walla Walla* went abruptly out of service during routine maintenance in the engine room. State workers were cleaning a drive motor commutator when something went terribly wrong. The resulting temperatures of over 2,600°F melted brass and steel components of the motor. A spare motor may be installable but otherwise the 1972 built ferry will have to wait for General Electric to build a new motor, and that might take two years.

But that wasn't the state ferry system's only problem. One of its captains slept over on the Whidbey Island ferry *Cathlamet* at Clinton and was supposed to take out the adjacent sister ferry *Kittitas* early next morning. He overslept and the *Cathlamet* sailed on time but had to return to Clinton due to a "personnel issue" (the oversleeping captain). That put the schedules of both ferries back by about 20 minutes.

A ferry spokeswoman said the incident apparently had nothing to do with recent minimum staffing problems. (In 2011 when union and Washington State Ferry officials couldn't agree on manning levels for the ferries, they let the Coast Guard decide. It established minimum manning levels and union members started failing to show up for work, each no show meaning a ferry couldn't sail.

In October, the Coast Guard issued revised guidance that mandated more mariners on nine ferries in four classes and no-shows have drastically dropped. The company does not yet know how it will pay for the additional mannings. Cuts in sailings may be the answer.)

Luckily, a midwife, an OB/GYN nurse and two EMTs were on a Bainbridge to Seattle ferry when a passenger went into labor. The result, a first for the ferry company, was a girl named Lucy.

The Japanese ferry *Ginga*, carrying 162 high school students and teachers on a school trip, ran aground on the shoals off Suo-Oshima town, Yamaguchi Prefecture. The efficient Japanese Coast Guard soon rescued them but the school trip was truncated.

In Iceland, a heavy current suddenly drove the ro-ro/pax *Herjolfur* against the breakwater at Landeyjarhofn. An examination at the pier revealed substantial damage to a screw and the ship proceeded to Westman Islands using only the starboard propeller.

Mooring lines snapped due to strong winds and the cruise ferry *Baltic Queen* smashed into a pier at Tallinn, the capital of Estonia, with some superficial damage.

In northern Germany, the smallish UK flagged container ship *Kitty C.* collided with the canal ferry *Swinemunde* moored at the Brunsbüttel fishery quay, probably due to human error. The ferry crew saw the collision coming and jumped ashore. The ferry's pilothouse was bent to one side and numerous pilings will have to be replaced.

Near Pingshan village in Anhua County in China, a river vessel capsized, tossing four trucks and 11 people into the stream. Three persons were rescued and the vessel's owner and "driver" were detained by local police. And perhaps presaging a long overdue crackdown on corruption, six local officials were removed from their posts.

Over the Veterans' Day weekend, a New London, Connecticut, ferry company came to the rescue of Long Islanders and New Yorkers plagued by no gas or long gas-station lines after Hurricane Sandy's visit. It offered free one-way passage across Long Island Sound and even provided directions to local gas stations in and around New London.

Legal Matters

A ship's agent was asked to supply tidal information for an arriving ship. He scanned the wrong tide table (a corner of a page was folded over, hiding the year). The ship had excessive draft upon arrival and could only unload a few hours each day and had to shift anchorage three times in four days. The agent settled with the owner for the additional costs to the tune of $120,000.

Nature

Sponges are harmless, aren't they? Well, the harp sponge (Chondrocladi lyra), found in the depths off California, is carnivorous, using elaborate harp shaped arrays (they are well worth Googling) to catch tiny crustaceans and wrapping them in a membrane before digestion starts. And its sexual behavior is interesting, too. (Actually, a dozen or more carnivorous sponges have been identified to date, all members of the same family.)

Corals threatened by approaching toxic algae call for help by releasing specific chemicals and its 1" long resident gobie fish respond by immediately attacking the algae. As one report explained it, "The symbiotic relationship between fish and the coral on which they live is the first known example of one species chemically signaling a consumer species to remove competitors. It is similar to the symbiotic relationship between Acacia trees and mutualist ants, in which the ants receive food and shelter while protecting the trees from both competitors and consumers."

Despite its fearsome name and appearance, the small deep sea vampire squid is the only non-predatory squid identified to date. In fact, it eats "marine snow," the tiny particles that drift downward towards the bottom. Its feed falls onto three categories; particles from dead bodies, fecal (poop from small coepods) and snot (debris from animals that use gelatin like mucus nets to catch prey).

Metal-Bashing

An American shipping company will have two 3,100teu container ships built that will be powered by LNG. They will be the first of the kind in the world.

Russia started construction of the second LK-25-class diesel electric icebreaker, with the "25" standing for its power output of 25 megawatts. The vessels will feature 150-tonne cranes for underwater work in the oilfield and pipeline industries.

Although touted as "the largest icebreaker in the history of the Russian shipbuilding industry," these icebreakers are far less powerful than planned icebreakers with up to 100 megawatts from double nuclear reactors. (In general, Russia divides its icebreakers into several classes: nuclear-powered; multi purpose; diesel powered; icebreakers for non-Arctic conditions (non-Arctic-Baltic Sea?); auxiliary; harbor; and shallow water.)

Too much tonnage and a weak rupee dampened the enthusiasm of India's ship-scrappers for new deals.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

A revised South Korean law calls for new ocean going construction to have built-in citadels where crews can retreat from boarding pirates.

Nigeria, Somalia and the Far East were, pirate wise, quiet last month and the major piracy effort was off the coast of Vietnam, where the small Malaysian chemical tanker *Zafirah* was hijacked by up to 11 knife and pistol wielding pirates. It was later recaptured by Vietnamese marine police with its name changed to *MD Feahorse* (seahorse?) and a fishing vessel came across its crew of nine, all unhurt, in a life raft.

A Nigerian pirate described the business of ship hijacking as "highly lucrative" and said that "Nigeria today had some 1,250 trained pirates and 3,000 high calibre military weapons… There can be no successful vessel hijacking in West Africa, or Africa as a whole, without inputs from Nigerian oil mafias, including top government functionaries."

Helping this is that Nigeria's security forces suffer from under-funding, a lack of hardware, vessels and maintenance and problems with discipline and corruption. Add to them grudge attacks that stem from personal conflict, envy, disputes over payments and contracts and turf wars between gangs of bunkering thieves.

Odd Bits

Three of Denmark's formerly state owned icebreakers, *Thorbjoørn, Danbjøorn* and *Isbjoørn*, have seen so little use in the last 16 years that they are for sale. (*Bjørn* is a Nordic male given name or, less often, a surname meaning the animal "bear.")

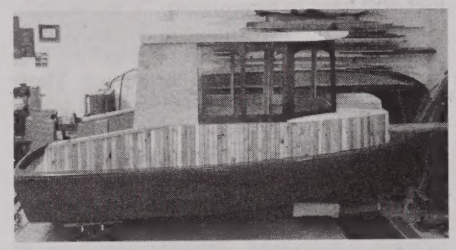
In the last dozen years, there have been 410 engine room fires, with cruise ships having the highest number (90) or about eight a year. Most ships have CO_2 fire-extinguishing systems but CO_2 is deadly for humans so there is always a race between getting personnel out of machinery spaces before the CO_2 system is triggered. A master's dilemma, save your crew or imperil your passengers by tardy firefighting? (There are firefighting systems, eg, water misting, that are safe for people in the fire space.)

Head-Shaker

The French skipper of the racing yacht *Safran* was intent on breaking his own record for sailing around the UK and Ireland but he sailed the wrong way in a traffic separation lane in the English Channel and forced ships to take action to avoid him. He told the French Coastguard he was trying to set a record and would not alter course. A British court later fined him £9,381 plus costs of £4,125.

If You Really Don't Know Where You're Going…

By Dan Rogers



This is mostly a story about NOT doing what I planned, an admission of personal ineptitude perhaps. More, a story of what happens when the boat takes over.

I think every art form has its adherents more or less "neatly" divided into categories. You know, like Purist, Renegade, Wannabe. More or less separate columns like those. And when it comes to boat building, I think I fall someplace between Wannabe and Renegade. Something on the order of eclectic pastiche. Maybe Foundart retro-innovative.

And it's tough to admit that I'll probably never get to be a REAL boat builder. Real boat builders are the ones who consult the masters on things like the dark arts of spiling, the arcana of offsets and the lyrical sainthood of lofting. They use a spokeshave and adz. Real boat builders (Purists) would sit in the corner babbling inchoate phrases about futtock planking cove mortised scarfs if they saw what I do with angle grinders and bandsaws.

Or maybe I've stumbled onto something, that more folks should feel OK with trying. I'll leave that up to you.

Far back in my rapidly dimming past I did learn a few things of enduring value. Most of these ineluctable truths were discovered on, in or near the water. So it seems appropriate that I should share a bit of what I have found out the hard way.

I've added a string of pictures that show some of the stuff I've been building and rebuilding this past six or eight months. Something to more concretely illustrate what happens when an untidy mind has more or less unlimited control of a room full of power tools. But, back to the story.

Once upon a time, I was a pretty savvy ship driver. I had a reasonably intuitive grasp of the more esoteric concepts of boring holes in the ocean. Such as advance and transfer, rates of closure and even a darn accurate sense of wind speed and sea state and set and drift. All learned from this thing veteran mariners know as Seaman's Eye. Sure, Bowditch explained it all quite completely in that book some of us hold our coffee tables down with. But most of this stuff in my case came from good ol' Trial and Error. Maybe you know somebody like that.

But, there is a most valuable tidbit of wisdom several of the Commanding Officers who allowed me to take the reins of their publicly owned naval vessels and, by extension, their personal navy careers, drummed into my then junior enlisted head. The best way to know where your ship is going is to regularly look back. You see, where you point the bow is only where you hope to go. Where your wake leads from will tell you exactly where you are going to go.

So. It's now just after Thanksgiving Day, 2012. I'm deeply immersed in yet another boat building project, at the end of a year full of such endeavors. I'd have to count on my glue-covered and splinter-stuck fingers to get a full count. But there's been a passel of 'em.

There's a corollary to the shiphandling edict to "Always Watch Your Wake." And I'll wander to the point, I'm reaching for, most scratchee. Back in yet another career when I taught management and leadership concepts to would-be leaders and managers, I used the cliché, "If you don't know where you are going, you are likely to end up someplace else." And, so becomes the theme of a year's worth of boat projects. It really is true. If you don't know where you're going, you're likely to end up someplace else.

The current "journey" was more of a long-standing itch that simply needed scratching. I think I started dreaming about building a little tugboat sometime in the very early '70s. Seems like this ethereal tugboat was always chugging up and down the fiords of my mind, towing some sort of bunkhouse barge. The scene almost always dissolved to one framed in fog, drizzling rain and landscapes belonging to western Canada or southeast Alaska.

Over the ensuing years the boat shifted in size, character and even quality. But I don't think the overall mission ever changed. She was never all that big. Just large enough for a little diesel fireplace, a chart table, a swing stove with a teapot to make instant coffee with and maybe seating for a companion. My rather long experience with going to rainy, lonely places by water does not support the "companion" theory very well. Basically, going slowly to noplace in particular, while being much of the time wet, cold and miserable is not a joy easily shared. Odd.

An itch long endured, even savored, still incites a sudden spasm of scratching, once you finally allow yourself the luxury. Scratching. And for me, at least, it works that way with boat building projects. Even the long contemplated ones seem to develop legs of their own and run off in surprising directions. Perhaps the summary line is, "I never do anything on the spur of the moment. That takes way too much forethought and restraint!"

And, so it began. Only about a couple, three weeks ago. Seems like a bit longer looking back. But no. This all just sort of happened. I was more or less in the room. But I think something else was driving it. I just ran the saw and the router and, yes, the belt sanders and angle grinders.

PU-LEEZE! Say it ain't so….

It has increasingly occurred to me that I may have a slight personality flaw. It's not yet a real problem. But friends, relatives and loved ones have been inferring such a thing for a while now.

Let's call this a result of synergy more than pathology. I surely doubt that that huge book the shrinkologists use so they can charge you $200/hour (the DSM-V) has even a mention of this particular aberration. Not a debilitating PROBLEM. Just a minor distraction. And besides, I can quit before it gets really bad.

Here's the deal. In a nutshell. Sort of.

When Ratty took Mole for his first outing, they spent the entire voyage in a single boat. Odd, huh? They simply took a little rowboat and proceeded to drag it across the beach and launch into the stream without apparent regard for scratching the brightwork. Nobody seemed to concern himself with the potential need for a stand-up shower stall.

And when wind and current turned against them, they seemed quite ignorant of the potential utility of a high aspect dagger board, rudder and full battened main to complement the aerodynamically clean elliptical spars. Nope. They just got in a crummy old rowboat and went out and had a glorious time.

The genesis for this minor epiphany is probably someplace buried on a long-running email conversation with fellow SCUZBUM Kim. Every now and again we brush up against the inevitable, "I think I may have too many boats… to use, adequately, you know…"

And recently SCUZMUM Annie weighed in with a telling admonition. She said, in part, "Life is just too short for you to be wasting your time, money and considerable talents on resuscitating old derelicts. You should be out USING the quite wonderful boats you already have…" Wow. That the High Priestess of all things Messabout should be so direct is moment for pause. Especially for devoted acolytes such as Kim. And, yes, such as I.

I tend to wander off into the esoteric side of abstruse when I think and talk about boats. It's really the subject of another diatribe. But, none of my boats have ever really just been "things." They've all become friends and companions. Family members. Maybe you know somebody like that.

Some of these progeny have been stillborn. Some, many, in fact, have been sent off to "better" homes. But they all seem to continue to command a special place in my rather untidy mind. And the idea of taking an otherwise destined for demolition hull and giving it, HER, continued life is just kinda compelling.

So, I persist in this or that dream-to-reality project. There does seem to be an endless supply of dreams. And projects.

I suppose it happens to real boat builders that follow actual plans, too. Sometimes?

I started this long festering project with a vision of how things should turn out. I think most of us do that. Otherwise it's just an exercise in turning perfectly good trees into smaller chunks, dust and noise. And while that can be somewhat purgative, it's good to have something to show for your time and money.

Almost immediately this one just didn't look right.

Too tall. Too narrow. Too, well, too not quite right. I went to bed after a full day of creating frames and arches and cambered coach roof tops one night and was absolutely certain that the ONLY thing to do was reduce the whole thing to fireplace-sized chunks and go read a book. Maybe just sit on a stump and watch the rain drip off my hat brim. You know. Go and eat some worms. Feel REAL sorry for my misdirected self, and take up a sensible hobby. Maybe I should devote my golden years to becoming a philatelist, before the post office goes completely out of business.

All these voices of every persuasion were rattling around in my head. All these, well, conflicting ideas. What to do? What to do?

I went out to the shop the next morning, fully intending to demolish the whole silly apparatus. Yep. Maybe you've been there, too?

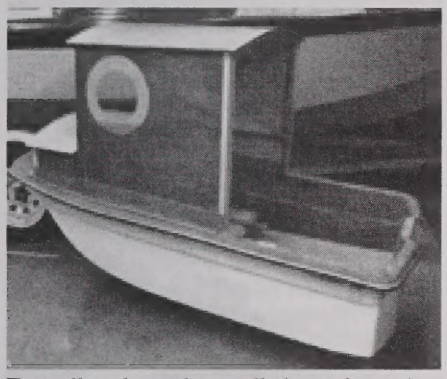
Instead I squared things up and attempted to level that coach roof with a mythical waterline. Lowered everything down until it looks "about right," resulting in

a stoop-and-duck cabin height now. I took the wrack outta the coach roof supports and figured a way to hold everything together. Then I put up some sheer panels and figured out how to match a by-eye curve to a 5° declination on a sloping surface. Boy, I wish I'd been at school the day they taught geometry.

Like I was saying, something else was driving this project. It really did take on legs of its own. Must be that extra hour of daylight that we get when winter is almost here. Makes people crazy.

Then, later that same day, my wife came out to the shop to see what I was spending so much time doing in the Man Cave. She doesn't care or know Shinola about boats. Probably never even once studied how the quarter wave dances under an elbow when sitting to leeward on a spanking reach. At least not any time I know about.

Anyhow. She took one look at this mongrel I was adding a Tower of Babel to, frowned and pointed out that, "there's something not right about that tugboat you're building." And I had to admit to such persistent feeling all along, too.



Too tall tuglet and too tall shanty barge just didn't look right somehow.

I used to teach a class on readjusting to civilian life to guys getting out of the Navy. Another one of those past careers. These guys were all headed for someplace else. And since, you really can't get to anyplace else from SOCAL (San Diego, in this case), without extensive runs across this or that desert, I used the metaphor of driving faster once you see your gas gauge dipping toward empty, so you can get to the next gas station before you run out of gas. I always thought I was incredibly funny. Most of the young almost ex-sailors were polite enough. Anyhow. Kate's right.

What's happened, is I HAVE NOT GOTTEN THE BOAT THAT I HAVE BEEN BUILDING. I've ended up with something quite different. The hull's too narrow to be a proper tug. The house was too tall to fit with the hull to get standing headroom, so I dropped it foot to "look better." Even so, it's still out of proportion compared to the goby drawings I pinned to the shop wall. The trunk cabin forward is just a smidge too high and maybe a smidge too long. The bow is too fine and the stern too boxy. Sure, I knew all that at the get go. But you know that thing about paving that road to good intentions with, er, something like that, anyhow.

It's really too late to just junk the whole thing. I've already made it two-thirds of the way across the desert, it'd be a shame to drive all the way back just to see if I get better mileage going west, or something metaphorical like that.

I suppose you probably at least know somebody who has stepped in it like this.

As soon as Kate went back to her own by-the-numbers work of creating quite beautiful quilts out of precisely cut and fitted bits of fabric, I set to trying different bright ideas on how to maybe make this sow's purse into some kinda silk ear.

Two different bow profiles got mocked up. Then it hit me. Basically, the boat that I have actually been emulating all along is the Glen L design, Bo-Jest. And I can't really believe it. I've never had even a moment's warm and fuzzy over that concept. Yeah, the trunk is too long, the pilot house is too far aft and probably too tall. That reverse bulwark up forward is just plain eccentric. Oh yeah, and the bow is just too fine to be even a mini trawler yachlet.

Yep. Just like what I've built. I do wish I knew what to call it. The best I've come up with so far is "1910 Commuter Launch." I hear the Great Walenda only got a 4 on his last dive…

The tuglet building project took a major detour. She ain't gonna be a mini-tug when she grows up. But I have to admit a certain sense of "it'll be OK" pervading the atmosphere. The whole thing is beginning to grow on me. Like I was saying, maybe there is more legitimacy to this method of boat building than most of us care to admit. Maybe?

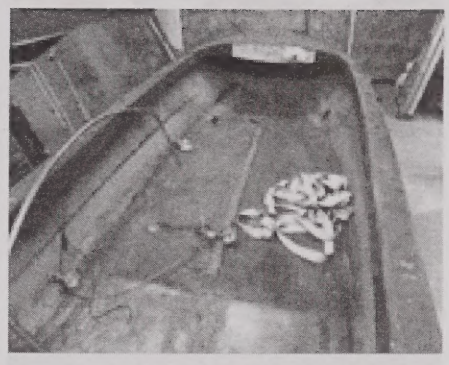
So, on went the project that was obviously in control of its own destiny. I was just there to cut up plywood and squeeze out Gorilla Glue.

For example, I decided, somewhat late, that while climbing in and out of the front window might suit the Lothario crowd, we who have had multiple knee operations just might want another way to get aboard from the pointy end. Sooooooo, the carefully sculpted frames in the trunk up forward morphed into a hatch opening. Of course, I was always going to cut the old fiberglass runabout's foredeck away once the new superstructure got stiffened up a bit.

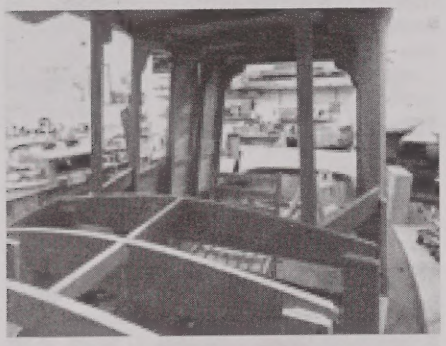
Then it sprouted a sort of steamer trunk lid (arched profile) and got covered with the same cedar staves that I ripped out of some left over T&G that I got to panel the underside of a patio roof and the interior of this summer's on-the-dirt project, a Hobbit House in our woods. But that project isn't supposed to float off anyplace. Hopefully. Although it is about solitude and separation from modern "essentials," so there is at least a connection to building a boat putatively destined to chug off someplace not readily populated. Sort of.

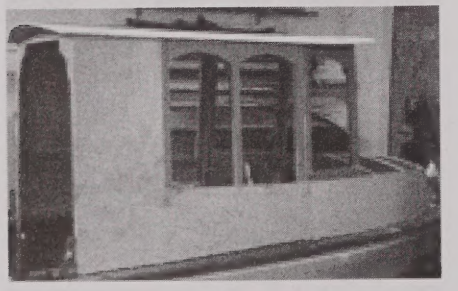
I had a few more cedar strips with hand induced bull-noses left over from Old Salt's interior work of two winters ago. But I still had to reduce an untold number of feet of left over cedar T&G into 1"x$^{3}/_{16}$" strips with bull-nosed edges. Something like 160 short pieces in all, just to line the lower run of the cabin sides. I'm not sure what to call it. So I've adopted the term "cladding" for convenience of description. This stuff is all glued on to a substrate of lauan door skin with the ubiquitous Gorilla Glue, the water catalyzed variety.

I left the goby drawings for the now abandoned mini-tug project on the wall in front of me. But I know this boat is no longer following their lead. Much. I had been considering the name *Different Drummer*. My favorite unused boat name is still *Cumshaw*.



This project began with a derelict 1957 Glasspar 14' hull. The various curves and proportions were worked out with scrap cutouts and freehand shaping on a disc sander. Some of the radiused corners were drawn around handy paint cans.

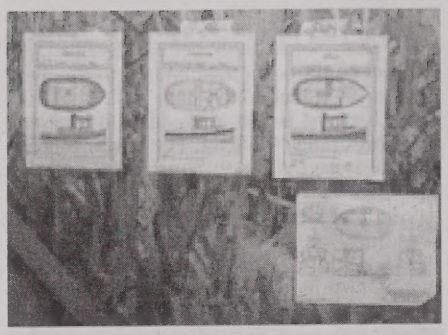




The cabin profile took shape as if it had a mind of its own. The gusset profiles were borrowed from those supporting a granite counter top in our kitchen. The frame "lumber" is cut out of a sheet of 1/2" MDO plywood and held together with Gorilla Glue. Deck beam contours and cabin window arches were drawn with a pine batten and cut freehand on the band saw. Thank God for the large disc sander for fairing up those curves!

The Fleet Sailors in the crowd will know that one immediately.

For the landlubbers, cumshaw is a traditional form of barter and operating by the seat of your pants. The expression, "If we didn't fly by night, we wouldn't fly at all..." is sort of relevant. In this case, I have a Frankenboat



These study plans and Gary Cull's beautiful Can-Du-EZ tug *Snail Mail* were the "guides" for this project gone awry.

leaping to life. A new life, forcing its own way into existence.

Dave Lucas of the Lucas Boatworks and Happy Hour Club of Tampa normally refers to me as living in "that frozen hellhole in Almost Canada." I guess it's good to be famous for, well, something... And yes, I had been thinking about using moose dung for power on this one.

Dave says it, perhaps, best, "I've mentioned Washington Dan before. You recall that I always speak of him with the highest regard as to his choice of residence, what with him having moved from Southern California to Northeast Washington where the sun never shines, the snow never melts and moose run through his yard. Dan lives near a big lake and attempts to go boating every year but by the time he gets his motor running it's frozen up again.

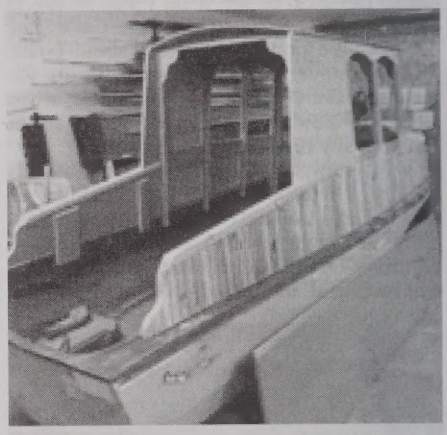
The man lives within a stone's throw of Glacier National Park. That should tell you something. This leaves him a lot of time to build boats. Here's his latest. Dan is good at finding old motorboat hulls and transforming them into works of art out in his shop. Here he took a 14' boat of some kind and did this. It's actually pretty cool. He says it took ten days to get this far, I believe it.

Dan is a master with glue and clamps. He lives by the advice I always give new builders, 'Don't let the hull stop you from building a boat.' I'm hoping that he does something unusual for power in this thing, like steam or rocket or a hamster in a cage or something other than sticking an outboard on the back. Go for it, Dan, you got a long cold winter ahead of you."

And so it continues. This little girl will find herself all dolled up and ready for the water, once we stop walking on it. In March or so. To be continued...

I was supposed to "quit" yesterday and put things away until I have completed my Christmas projects. But what's another teensey weensey night shift among friends? Trunk cabin deck is on but not planked. Hatch is more or less complete. Wing walls are in place around the cockpit. Cap rails are more or less ready to glue down. Everything is sanded and most of the cracks are filled with polyester body putty. There is at least another bushel basket of fine cedar dust to dump from the dust collectors in the table saw, miter saw, router table and all over EVERYTHING and every surface in the shop.

Time to set *Shenanigan* aside for a few weeks. (Kate decided that was a name "more in keeping with the situation," so *Shenanigan* it is. But she's looking more and more like a boat now. Even if she's not what she was "supposed to be."



What *Shenanigan* looks like after a couple weeks' work and plenty of head scratching.

Sam, the math genius, came over today and we did some sort of shirttail measurements of weight and volume. He took about five sheets of scratch paper and basically replicated the blackboard from my ninth grade algebra class. Only this time I was paying attention. Looks like this little girl weighs right at 400lbs empty. With motor, gas, people and a few more boards and bottles of glue, the stern will be 4" down at the centerline. The CG is expected to be 23" above that waterline. That makes the standuppee part about twice as wide as the tippover part is tall. Probably just fine. Probably. Hope so.

Unresolved Conundrum

There is still a "serious" unresolved conundrum hanging fire. This whole hurry-up thing was to get an unplanned project through the process and still get the other girls in for necessary and elective surgeries, during the "building season." Now, that I don't actually have a tugboat-looking result; do I continue with the shanty barge that was expected to follow along? That's the present conundrum. I'm sure I'll fester up a few more in the coming months.

The impetus for all this manic behavior is Andy Lin's reprise of the Columbia 150 set for this coming August. Certainly, the peripatetic *Lady Bug* can follow the equally footsore *Big Ole* down to the lower reaches of the Columbia River and serve quite admirably for that trip. Pretty much as currently configured. Well, sort of. You see, there's the matter of her "really needing" a motor well cut into the cockpit for easier access and improved maneuverability, etc. And, there is that non-elective surgery still required to repair her rudder that I absurdly set the entire boat against in an unsuccessful attempt to launch in late fall after the water level at that particular lake had receded enough to require use of a theretofore unknown shallow ramp angle.

And, that was while I was demonstrating "how easy" it is to launch a heavy keelboat single-handed. Demonstrating it to a guy who had just driven 300 miles to see if I could teach him some things about sailboats. To borrow heavily from Robb White, because I said I knew a thing or two about a thing or two. So, that boat is in line for repair, and waiting patiently while I fool around with this current little bundle of compulsions. And, there are other needs/compulsions lined up after these. For example, the 17' cabin boat that needs her V-4 outboard shortblocked, so she doesn't have to sit out another season as a hangar queen. Stuff like that.

In some ways it's a sad thing. What the rest of the world claims to be a Long Cold Winter, just never turns out quite long or cold enough to get all the stuff fixed and messed with.

A History of My Workshops

By Dan Rogers

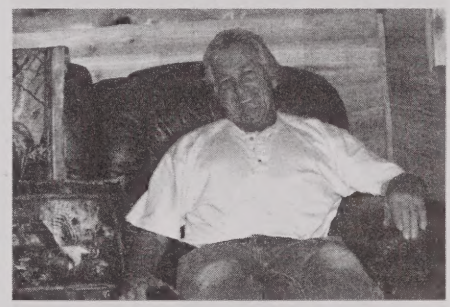
I've really been blessed with my pole barn shop. Sadly, the only guys around here who do my kind of woodworking also have their own shops. So, while I'd be completely pleased to have company out here, it's pretty much a matter of lonely splendor. I used to do my work as a "student" at the local adult school wood shop in Chula Vista (south San Diego), one of the very few surviving school shop programs in that part of the country. They did kill off the machine shop and make it a computer lab. Real, real, stooooooooooopid if you ask me.

I would do all my boat remodel projects there (and I completely redid that 43 footer with handmade cabinets, hardwood floors, and generally an all wood interior, etc.) and run home to the marina and try it, and run back and cut it again, and so forth. I did that for the whole 10 years we lived on *Fiddler's Green*. I also overhauled three or four keel boats from 20' to 26' during that time. All at the school shop.

Before that, we had a dirt house and I commandeered the attached two-car garage for a shop. For a while, I was resurrecting a 35' sailboat that sat in the water, from that shop. When we downsized and moved onto the power boat, I gave away all my floor tools and lots of smaller stuff. So, now, 15 years later, I'm still buying tools, but now a lot of the stuff is more advanced. People who live on boats can't keep cast iron topped table saws and really heavy band saws and radial saws and stuff like that.

Soooooooo, this shop here progressively gets smaller as the shelves and floor fill up with gottahaves. Good ol' Rockler, and CPO, and Peach Tree, and Northern Tool, etc. The UPS guy shows up here a lot, and sometimes takes time to come back and see what I'm building with the stuff he delivers. Out here, in the woods.

(Dan Rogershas been rescuing and "improving" old and neglected boats since he was 12 years old. One of his early attempts was as a father/son project where Dan and his dad converted the family's open utility skiff into a decked over and screamin' ski boat. That project was accented by a windshield fashioned from the remnants of a shattered bomber gun turret blister. Dan has lost count of all the boats he's overhauled and modified since then. They run the gamut from 8' to 43'. Several of these were torn down to bare hull and reconstructed while still in the water. Some were his "house" at the time as well)



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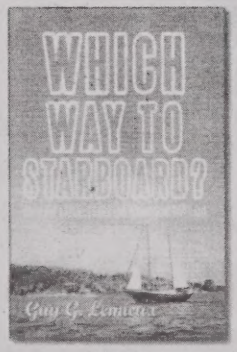

By Guy G. Lemieux

WHICH WAY TO STARBOARD?

Enjoy this firsthand account of the sport of family sailing. Lemieux buys a wooden boat with a history, restores it, and after seven years, enjoys the results of his labours.

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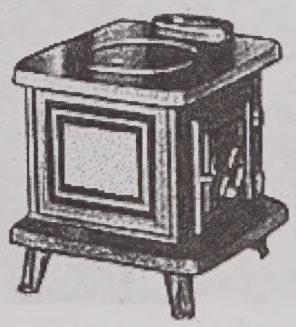

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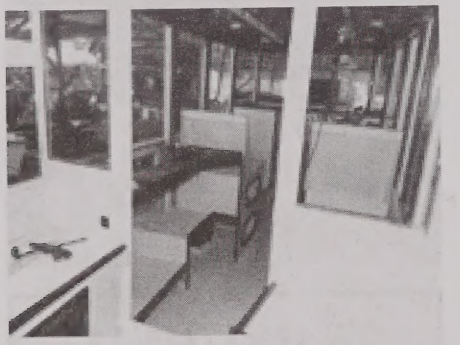
Helen Marie is Afloat at Last!

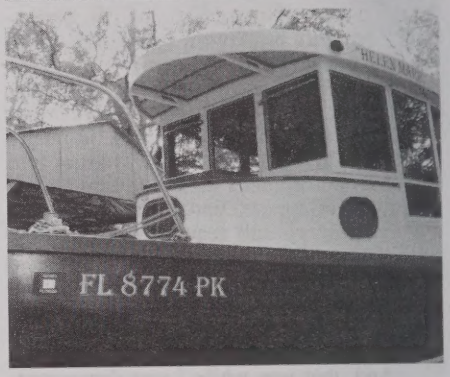
By Dave Lucas



We've had three sea trials so far and things are coming together pretty well. She sure looks small in the water. I'm making some adjustment to the water ballast system to get the bow down a little more. And it seems that for all of my genius I did make a couple of small errors. Who,would have thought that when you make a hole below the waterline to let water out it will come in also. I didn't want that. What happened to the magic one way hole? It's a long story but suffice it to say that Steve was kind enough to point it out to me with words to the effect of, "hey, we're taking on water dumb ass, are you trying to sink us?" Respect is a fleeting idea around here.

There's still work to be done on the interior but she sure is comfortable, just like sitting in my easy chair, arm out the window watching the world go by through all of the windows. Helen has all of the cushions and window shades done but I can't put 'em in 'til I'm finished making a mess. It looks like her hull speed is going to be about 6 knots which she can achieve at almost idle speed on the motor. This 20hp has a lot of power in reserve in case I need to tow a string of kayaks someday. Steve took some of these pictures but the really good ones were by his wife Lenna.

Lenna also took some pictures of the inside of *Helen Marie*. The outside is pretty much plain paint for upkeep reasons but as you can see the inside is a mahogany lover's dream and it's still going in.



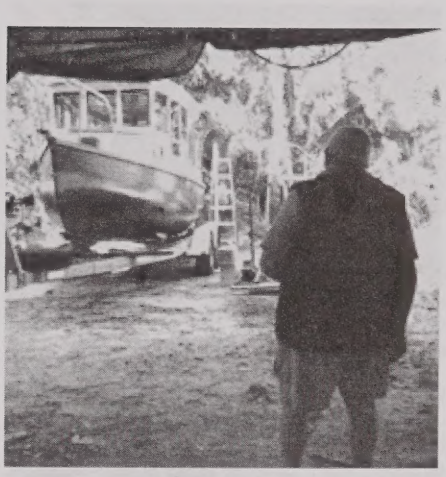
Getting Her Out of the Shop

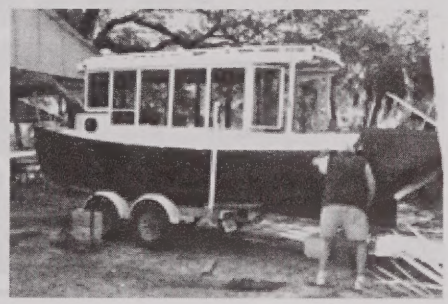
Here's how to get a big boat out of the shop and onto its trailer. For a year I've been asked a hundred times how am I going to do that and I've been saying, no problem, just hook it up to a car and pull it out. This is a photo file of the process in action. I built hard points into the transom that a cable hooks to and comes out the back. This'll also come in handy when I need to get pulled off the beach somewhere.

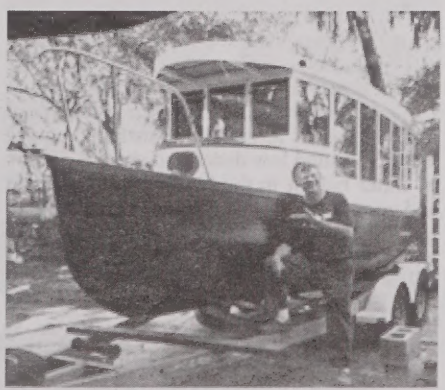
I have a long steel cable with a turning block that I chained to a tree way out behind the boat. We hooked the other end of the cable on Stan's trailer hitch, held on to the sides and yelled "hit it," and he did and she slid out as slick as you like. You can almost see the cable on the ground behind his car. All the boats I build are strong enough to be pulled across the dirt without damage.

Next we had to jack her up high enough to slide the trailer under, again no problem if you have a bunch of guys who happen to show up at just the right time to keep her from falling over. Sandy was just getting out of his car when I yelled at him to hurry and hang onto something. Then it was just a matter of winching the trailer under the boat. There was a moment of excitement when the weight came off the blocks and onto the trailer and the whole works started rolling down the incline toward the trees. After some scrambling and flinging of lumber under the wheels they stopped it. If they hadn't the tree would have.

I'm making all this sound easy and it is if you have the right bunch of guys on hand. And lo and behold, no glass broke. Total time required from start to finish was about an hour.







Whoops!

There are two scenarios to explain this set of pictures of *Helen Marie* over on her side:

A. I was being very thoughtful and went to great effort to show you how she looks from all angles. Note the first class bottom job and water line stripe. Or:

B: We're a bunch of dumb asses and weren't paying attention and let her slam over while she was still hanging by a thread, rolling so fast and hard that she broke a 2"x6" bunk board and scaring the hell out of some of the little girls who were suppose to be watching out for just this thing.

No matter, this turned into a lesson in how strong I've built this thing. There was no damage at all; no glass went flying, no lumber cracked and the paint didn't even get scratched. Getting her back level was easy, we just got our engine hoist out, hooked it on to the stern rail and jacked it up. One of my goals was to make every part of this boat strong enough to lift the whole boat with that one part. You should see what's under the hand rail on the roof.

After we got the above mess sorted out it was time to get her weighted and floated. I've been saying that she'll come in under 3,000lbs and she did, 2,750lbs with most of her equipment installed. This rig I have is a pleasure to pull on the road. I have my son's big Chevy, the trailer has brakes and the boat i narrow enough to see around easily. And I got 11 miles per gallon, we'll have to save for long road trips.

We gathered up all the shop guys and put her in the lake to check her out. All went well, better than I could have hoped for. She was a little high in the bow because of a ballast tank venting problem and she didn't turn over.

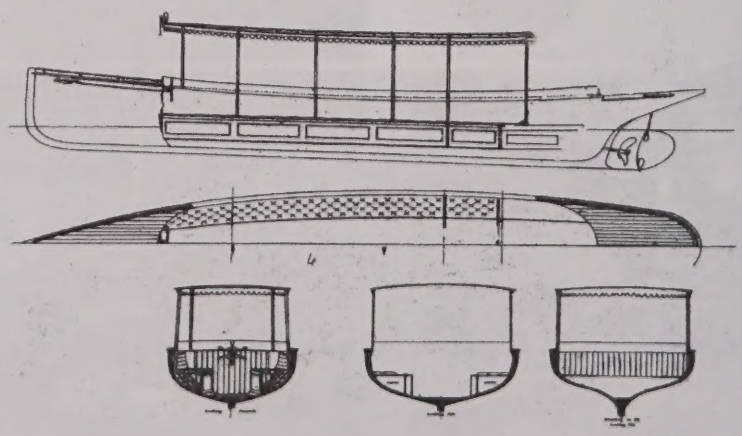
I don't know how many of you armchair designers said she's too high and will roll over. Let's analyze that shall we. Her 2" thick roof is made from Styrofoam that I lifted up by myself, the upper 4' of space inside is mostly air, all of her installed equipment is located low down and she has 800lbs of water ballast in the bottom that comes in and goes out when she's launched and pulled.

Where did this hull design come from you ask? It's an exact blowup of Roger Allen's 15' Melonseed which is an enlargement of a classic 13 footer done years ago by the master, Joe Leiner, from up in St Michaels, MD. She has the same hull as

And About Her Design?

Helen Marie, they came off the same mold. All I did was add 16" to the sides and stick a fantail on the back. She has no ballast and managed to stay upright in a blow.

She also turned out to be an almost exact replica of an 1899 fantail launch that I discovered after I had the hull already built; so to save a lot of questions and wrecks on the highway I put this sign on the trailer.



QT Skiff

By Jack Mizrahi
jjmizrahi@gmail.com

Twelve years is a long time to wait but it was worth it. That is how long it took for my name to come up on the list for a spot on the rail at Marsh Creek, a small lake in Chester County, Pennsylvania, where I do most of my boating. Maintained by the Pennsylvania Department of Conservation and Natural Resources, they charge a nominal yearly fee for 48" of space on the rail at the water's edge. Trouble was I had no boat to put there. My 16' Dobler Utility Skiff resides on a trailer and is too heavy and too big to fit. Undeterred, I put my money down, was assigned WR-149 and started looking for a boat to build.

I needed a rowboat that was less than 48" wide, less than 100lbs, long enough to provide the stability to stand so fly fishing would be an option, made with plywood and epoxy and attractive. That generated a search, so I pulled out the magazines and books, checked the internet and made a decision. It was spring and I wanted a boat I could build quickly. The winner was Jim Michalak's QT Skiff at 13' and less than 100lbs featured in his book, *Boatbuilding for Beginners*. It looked easy enough so I ordered the plans and went to see my neighbor, Glenn, at his lumberyard to order the plywood.

I wanted okuome. I had used it before and was willing to pay the premium for the ease of finishing. Problem was, it was on back order for six weeks at his supplier. Since I was impatient I opted for fir marine plywood and had it delivered within a week. Once the plans arrived it was time to start work.

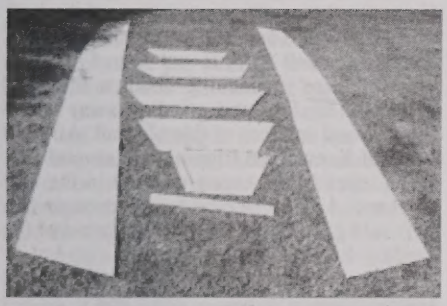
First was to build the side planks, temporary forms, transom and stem. That was easily done with sheetrock screws and Titebond 3 glue. The Titebond is impressive stuff when it can set under pressure and it is much easier to use than epoxy. Next step was to assemble the side planks to the center form, then insert the other forms and screw the side panels to them. Once the stem and transom were attached it was beginning to look like a boat. Bevel the outside chine logs and fasten to the side panels. The bottom panel then is placed on the boat to mark, cut, then fastened to the chine logs. Now it really looks like a boat.

Bevel and glue the wales and attach to stiffen the sides. Attach bow and stern gussets, then remove the temporary forms. Ad epoxy fillets where the side and bottom panels join, turn over the boat and fiberglass the bottom with two layers of cloth at the chines. Attach the bottom skids and now it is time for finishing.

Two coats of sealer, two coats of primer and two coats of latex house paint finished the job except for the oarlock sockets and a bow eye. Last step is to build the seat/ditty box, which comes out of the boat so I can take it with me.

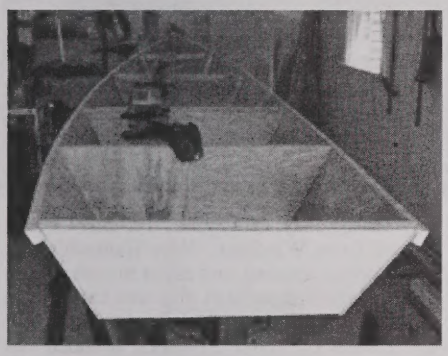
What did I learn in the process? I ordered epoxy from Raka and made the mistake of getting equal amounts of slow and fast hardener. I was building in my garage with temperatures consistently over 80°. That was a problem. The fast hardener was way too fast! My scarfs were weak because they were built with a 4-to-1 rather than 8-to-1 ratio, two of them failed. The fir plywood needed sealing to prevent checking since the boat would be outside seven months per year. The okume plywood would have been worth the premium price.

So, did the QT Skiff meet my expectations? Yes. It fits on the rail, is relatively easy to launch and retrieve, I get admiring glances while I am out on the lake and I can stand while I fish. An unexpected benefit is the rocker at the stern that makes it easy to get in and out without getting my feet wet. With the boat stern to the shore, I just get in and walk to the bow. The boat floats and away I go.



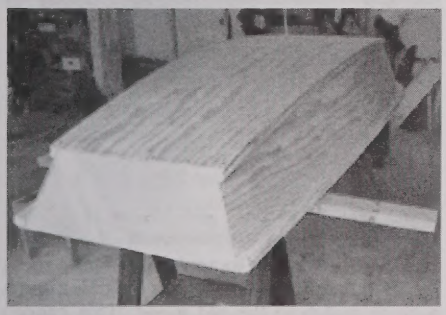
Piece Parts

Spanish Windlass



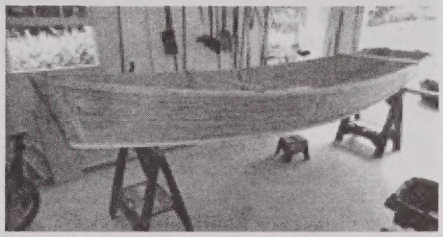
Transom

Gunwale



Bottom

Skids

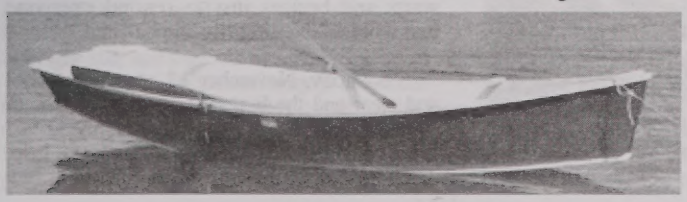


Boat with Braces

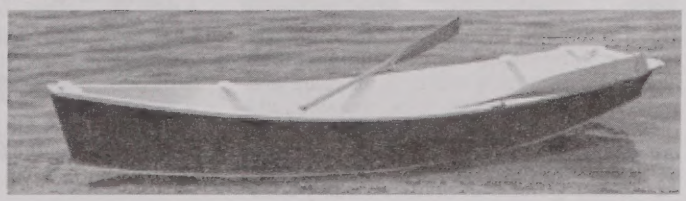
Painted

Seat/Ditty Box

Floating



Beached



The Keewaydin Canoe Project

Report and Photos by Steve Lapey
Reprinted from the Newsletter
of the Norumbega Chapter WCHA

The Keewaydin canoe for the WCHA 2013 Assembly raffle has gotten off to a good start, there will be no problem having it ready for the auction in July. It is not going to be a complete restoration, the plan is to do a rebuild just as the Keewaydin shop would have done to return the canoe to service, ready for more trips to Hudson's Bay.

The canoe came home with us from the Killbear Paddlers Rendezvous last September and on Saturday, October 13, the first crew of Norumbega members arrived to analyze the project and strip it down to the bare hull. We stripped the canvas, took off the outwales and the stem bands along with the seats and thwarts. It was apparent that at least six ribs would need to be replaced and a lot of new planking would be in order. There are no rounded over edges on the ribs in this Cronje, which is unusual. The Prospectors that we have seen have the sharp edged ribs, but most of the other Chestnuts that have gone through this shop have had the more usual rounded over edges.

By midday our crew, consisting of Ted Harrigan, Tom Bickford, Jeff Morrill and Dan Lapey, had all the old wood out for the trashman and got a start on tacking on some new planks.

Six ribs have been removed along with a lot of the broken planking. There are two ribs right next to each other in the center of the canoe that will require some support when bending in the new ones. We ended up using four battens clamped to the adjacent ribs and managed to keep the shape of the canoe at least as good as it was when it arrived here.

Lyle Lemon ready to nail some planking on the Cronje.

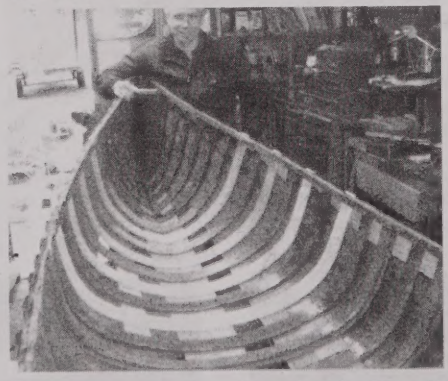
On Sunday, October 14, Paul Kelly and Lyle Lemon spent the morning cutting, fitting and tacking more of the new planking and in the afternoon we did some resawing and planing some 3/8" rib stock from clear northern white cedar. The Cronje ribs are 2 5/16" wide cut on one side with a 90° cut, the other side is beveled 20°. The straight side will be tapered toward the ends after the rib blanks are cut to length.

On Wednesday, October 17, Greg and Deborah Nolan stopped by on their way to Maine from their home in Brooklyn to pick up the seat frames. Greg has generously volunteered to finish them, figure out the nylon lacing pattern and replicate it.

On October 26 Bill Clements, Tom Bickford and Paul Kelly were here for the ribbing adventure, and what an adventure it was. The new ribs were all milled, tapered and sanded; we put all of them in the steam box and cranked up the fire. The first two went in nicely right in the center of the hull, the third one took a lot of coaxing and by the time we got to the fourth one the wood appeared to be over cooked and it became impossible to get the wood to bend to shape for a neat installation. We tried again to do numbers five and six but finally ended up with some nice cedar to add to the woodpile.

Bill Clements and Tom Bickford contemplating the rib installation.

On Sunday Paul Kelly returned, we made up some new ribs, soaked them and then steamed them one at a time for exactly 20 minutes and they went easily into place. It was a big difference from the day before. After the ribs were in we had time to do some planking before quitting for the day so we could get all bunkered down for Hurricane Sandy, due to arrive the next day.



Paul Kelly was all smiles after the last rib was installed in the Cronje.

On Saturday, November 10, we had a full house for the sanding and fairing of the hull. Ted Harrigan, Tom Bickford, Bill Clements, John Fiske, Jeff Morrill and John Fitzgerald were all here reclinching about a thousand tacks and sanding and grinding away at the rough wood surfaces of this old hull. After 40 years of Keewaydin tripping and several previous rebuilds this canoe was not in the best of shape! Luckily it was warm enough that we could get the canoe outside for most of the sanding, keeping the dust at bay.

John Fiske and his power sander doing the best he could to clean up the interior of the Cronje for revarnishing.

We found that by applying a coat of orange shellac on the new planking the color would come pretty close to the original.

On Sunday, November 11, Bill Collins arrived from Windham, New Hampshire, to finish up the sanding and assist in making the new thwarts that we will give this canoe. The guys at Keewaydin had a habit of shortening the thwarts by about 2" which rounded out the bottom of the hull. The theory was that the rounder, narrower hull would travel faster on their trips. In reality it just makes for a very tender canoe and we have decided to try to return some of the Cronje's original stability to it. Since we can't make the thwarts longer the easiest thing to do is to make new ones.

Towards the end of the day we had time to get a coat of shellac on the new wood and in the evening the first coat of spar varnish was applied.

Bill Collins starting to apply the orange shellac to the new wood, bringing the color up to a close match to the old wood. This canoe, when finished, is still going to have a lot of warts and bruises just to remind everyone just what an exciting life she has had.

Saturday, November 17, started out cool and clear and the biggest crowd ever came to canvas and fill the Cronje. Benson Gray arrived from Maine, Marshall McKee came to help,

joined by Larry Meyer, Jeff MorrilL Bill Collins, Lyle Lemon, Paul Kelly and Tom Bickford.

The coffee pot went on at 8am and soon the #8 canvas was unrolled and hung from one end of the shop to the other, ready for the old Chestnut to be dropped in. With the dependable Impala at one end and the comealong at the other we were ready to start stapling the canvas to the inwales. With four workers to a side the stapling was done in record time. The stretching and stapling at the stems took a little longer, but by 11:45am not only was the canvas on, it was filled as well.

As we were cleaning up and putting tools away Benson showed us a pair of 4' Salesman Sample canoes that he brought from his collection. One was a really cute Old Town with closed gunwales and extended tips that appears to be a model of an extremely early canoe. The extended gunwales only appeared in the very first catalogs. Wouldn't it be fun to find one of these canoes?

Lyle Lemon, Benson Gray, Paul Kelly and Marshall McKee working the filler into the canvas on the Cronje.

With the canvas on and filled, the Cronje will have to sit for at least five weeks which will bring us into the new year before work will continue on this project. Here is the slightly revised schedule for continuing work on the Cronje which comes up in 2013:

January 5: Mill out new outwales from a long piece of spruce.

January 19 and 20: Sand and prime, once on Saturday and once on Sunday.

January 26: Sand and apply the first coat of Hunter Green.

February 23: Trim canvas and install new outwales.

March 9 and 10: Fit stem bands and drill for screws, install seats and thwarts, varnish on outwales and decks.

April 13 and 14: Apply a new deck decal, final paint on Saturday and finish varnish on Sunday.

The APPRENTICE

A Monthly Newsletter of the Apprenticeshop

The Twins first sail in 2009.

The Twins

From Nigel Irens and the Apprenticeshop
By Carl Cramer
"My Wooden Boat of the Week"
Posted September 18, 2012 http://boats.woodenboat.com
(all Photos Courtesy The Apprenticeshop.com)

I was creeping down the Maine coast in heavy fog. Finally passing through Camden in my car, I made a new vow, I will no longer stop for pedestrians if they're on their cell phones. I jibed at the driveway of the Apprenticeshop in Rockland, a short time later we were under sail on one of the Twins in bright sun and a gentle breeze.

Who are the Twins, and why? I'm not certain if I remember the derivation correctly, but I think it goes something like this: In the January/February 1990 issue of *WoodenBoat* (#92), we published an article by Colin Palmer entitled "Sail and Hull Performance" (if you want, you can order a digital copy of that edition or a photocopy from woodenboat.com). It was a fascinating article. The author described various hulls and different rigs with a goal of establishing an optimal sail rig for a given hull form. He followed this with extensive remarks in Issue #94. In general, the author concluded that the crabclaw rig might be optimal.

A short while after the issue came out, I heard that the Apprenticeshop (then located in Rockport, Maine) was considering two identical hulls and testing different rigs. Fast forward (?) some 18 years Inspired by their board members, the Apprenticeshop, now located in their premises in Rockland, Maine, enlisted talented and multifaceted yacht designer Nigel Irens (www.nigelirens.com) to design a pair of identical hulls to carry out rig and foil testing. Thus were the Twins begat.

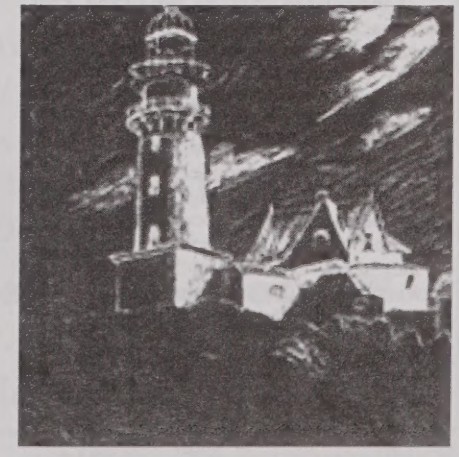
The Twins were built and launched by apprentices at the Apprenticeshop in 2009, with a LOA of 28', a beam of 9' and 2,400-2,500 pounds of displacement, half of that in internal and external ballast. As currently rigged, the Twins can be schooners, ketches or sloops. Nigel designed them with three separate daggerboards and a small rudder. In addition to testing rigs and foils, they are also excellent expedition boats.

We had a lovely sail that afternoon and also a chance to put the one Twin through her paces under oar. Thanks for the great sail, Eric, Margaret, Brian and Kurt.

This winter the apprentices are hoping to build new sails so that all various configurations can be tested. I find this project to be so fascinating. If you would like to donate, say, a pair of crabclaw sails, I'm sure the Apprenticeshop will be more than amenable. Email margaretm@apprenticeshop.org.

On a side note, this year marks the 40th anniversary of the Apprenticeshop's founding in Bath, Maine. They are still committed to teaching and learning traditional boat building skills. I still stay in touch and see sporadically some of the graduates of that first year. And most of them are still in the marine industry. Pretty amazing. On a personal note, I had applied for admittance to that first class in 1972. Sadly, the first class had already filled up.

We've written a lot about the Apprenticeshop over the years, and of Lance Lee, its founder. They deserve all the positive coverage we can give them. You can search for back issue coverage here:https://www.woodenboat.com/search-back-issues-woodenboat-magazine and type in "Apprenticeshop." For more information: www.apprenticeshop.org.



I had a busy summer in 2012 so not much got done in my shop. I have been busy sailing, canoeing and biking so all I did was to decide on my next project, building a shortened version of the "Lady Slipper." I have had the forms for this boat in my loft for years. The Slipper was one of my early designs that was produced by Mad River Canoe and I decided to build an improved version.

During the summer I found the wood that I would use, some 14' cedar lumber at our local big box store. I went through their pile and found one that had one pencil sized knot near one end. This nearly clear board was a reddish brown color. I was happy to find such useable lumber at their prices.

A couple of weeks later I went back and found some new lumber had shown up, from which I chose one that had a white line in the middle of an otherwise very red board. I like to use this sort of mixed color in my work.

While the weather was still balmy I sawed this lumber into ¼" strips. I like to do that very dusty work outdoors as I am allergic to the sawdust.

I spent a couple evenings setting up my strongback. The original boat was 14'6" long. I wanted a smaller boat this time, no more than 13' long. This changed the spacing between stations and I had to fudge a little to get things to fair up properly.

I wanted to reduce the gunwale beam at the center of the boat so the center forms all had to be modified to suit. I drew what I wanted to change on the very center form and sawed off the excess. I then took several of the forms on either side of the center and stacked them together and clamped them. I drew a fair curve line of the flat bottom side of these forms. This gave me a starting place to know how much to take off all the forms. I only modified the center third of the boat as I liked the flare that is in its ends

The finished boat will end up about 3" narrower at the gunnels but have the same maximum beam as the original. I wanted to create a shape like I've seen in several of David Yost's canoes. Dave calls this "Shoulder Tumblehome." He is a great canoe designer. I don't mind copying something that is good.

I started setting up the strongback with the end pieces. These are just ½" plywood pieces shaped like the profile of the finished canoe ends and beveled to a point. They were held in place with some plywood holders at the ends of the 2"x4" strongback. These pieces sandwich the end forms holding them in place. I adjusted them for height and also lengthwise so the outer ends measured 12'10". The strips will add 1" at either end and I'll have my 13'.

I installed a 1"x6" on top of the 2"x4" strongback and strung a chalk line from end to end. I spray painted over this string and when I lifted it off I had a very nice permanent centerline. I lifted in the center section of the 1"x6" and put spacers under it. I wanted about ¾" rocker forward and half as much aft. I built the rocker into the strongback rather than changing all the forms. I eyeballed the two end pieces to see that they were on the same plane and shimmed them so they were. Then I stretched a chalk line between them, just high enough to clear the forms as I installed them. This line is centered on the end pieces. All of the forms have a center line drawn onto both sides. These lines must line up with the line on the strongback and the string over the top.

BOB'S BOATS
BUILDING & REPAIR

In My Shop

By Mississippi Bob

I installed the forms with 2"x2" cross pieces screwed to the strongback and the forms got bolted to them. I have oversized holes in both the cross pieces and the forms, which allows me to adjust them quite a bit to get things lined up properly. I fudged the fore and aft positions of the cross pieces until I was happy that things faired up well, so bolted everything together. As I started stripping I found some errors in my setup that I will have to live with.

I had never built a boat with shoulder tumblehome before. I knew that stripping around the tight curve that the shape created would be impossible with ¾" inch strips so I ripped some in half. I now had a small pile of ⅜" strips. Photo #1 shows how I used these narrower pieces. I started with several full size strips, then used the narrow ones to get around the tight curve. Once I got past the tight curve I plan to use mostly the ¾" strips. I put on four of the narrower strips then changed to the ¾" ones. I chose to do most of the boat with the strips running horizontally but I started with strips following the gunnels. Two of the strips followed that line and the next two were run horizontal. This left the big gap that shows on Photo #2.

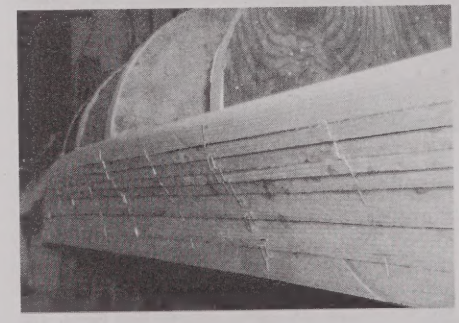
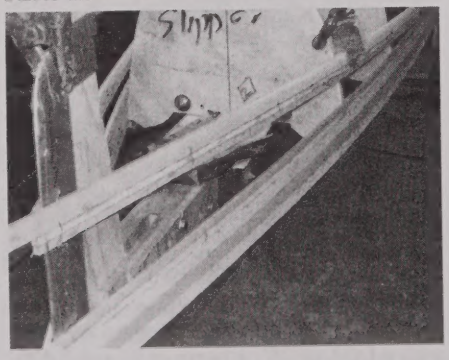


Photo #1

Photo #2



One more piece of cedar not mentioned before was a full 2" piece of very brown cedar that had been in the shed for years. It was only about 6' long and I ripped it into ¼" planks. I filled in the big gaps with two wide planks per opening, see Photo #3. The finished product is going to be really pretty. I plan to use some of the wide planks in the bottom when I get there.

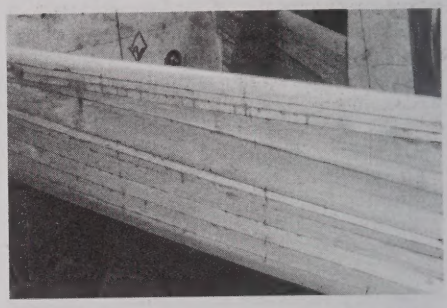


Photo #3

I mentioned earlier that my forms didn't fair up perfectly. This can be seen in Photo #4. As I got halfway up the side, at the wide point in the boat, the strips didn't want to fair up and still lay flat on the forms. As the forms are just a guide, I'm not married to them. I let the strips float loose at this point. I feel that it is more important that the shape is fair than that it is an exact fit on the forms.

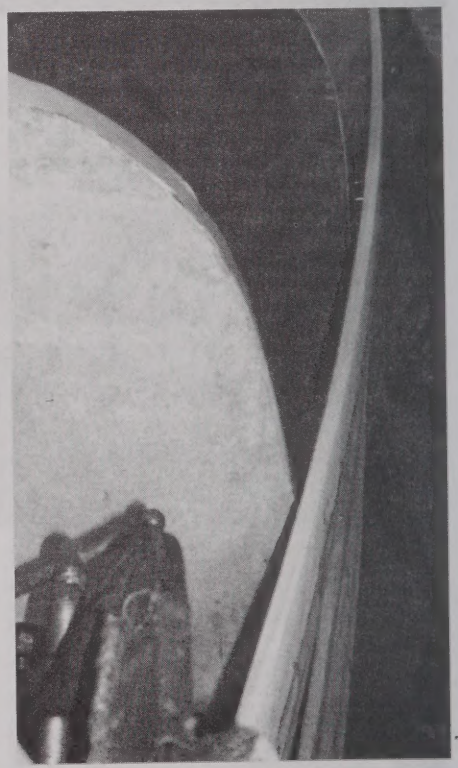


Photo #4

At this time I must say I don't have all the answers. I have built something over 50 strip canoes and kayaks. I have developed a system that works for me but there are a lot of folks who do it very differently than I do. I want to recommend a list of books on the subject. You can find some of them and make up your own mind how you choose to go.

The very first canoe building book that I have was produced by the Minnesota Canoe Association. It was copyrighted in 1968. It was very crude, to say the least. It was typewritten 38 pages long with some drawings. I

would have had a very difficult time building from this book. I got a lot of hands-on training from other builders in the club. I am not sure if this book is still available.

In 1988, 20 years later, I was involved with rewriting the book. Several of us boat builders worked on an improved version. which was much better. This can be found at minnesotacanoeassociation.org.

Another book that I have had for years was written by David Hazen. His book shows a technique that I chose not to use. It is very different from what I do. *The Strippers Guide to Canoe Building* was published by Tamal Vista Publications, 2220 Madrone Ave, Larkspur, California 94939. Copyright is1976 and a lot of water has gone under the bridge since then.

The book that I like best is *Building a Strip Canoe* by Gil Gilpatrick. I like this because it most nearly follows my system. It is not very glitzy but it illustrates a system that works. It was written by a high school teacher and most of his photos show kids working on different stages of the project. His first edition, which I have, shows them using polyester resins. There is a second edition that is very similar but shows epoxy in use. This book was printed by DeLorme Publishing Co, Freeport, Maine.

The glitziest book that I have is called *Canoecraft*, written by Ted Moores. Ted shows some very nice work being done and it is a very nice book but it preesents a very different way of building boats than what I use. Ted is very well known by the folks who run the Canoe Museum in Peterborough, Ontario. I visited the place once and mentioned his name, they all knew him. Ted is the canoe guru in Peterborough. My problem with his book is that he gets hung up in small details that take more time to do than I spend building the entire boat. Ted has also written a similar book on kayak building. His books are certainly worth reading. Camden House Publishing Ltd, 7 Queen Victoria Rd, Camden East, Ontario KOK IJO, Canada.

I suggest that you find some of these books and read them. You will find they agree on many issues, that is stuff that you should take seriously.

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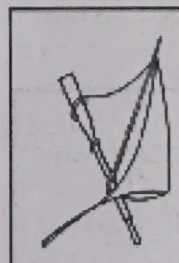

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Using Patterns and Dimensioned Drawings

To Lay Out Your Boat

By Warren Jordan
Jordan Wood Boats
www.jordanwoodboats.com

Patterns eliminate the tedious and time-consuming work of using a table of offsets to loft (draw) boat parts full size. With patterns, the lofting has already been done by the designer and all necessary corrections have been made. In cases where the plans include full size patterns or measured and dimensioned drawings as well as a table of offsets, the patterns and drawings take precedence over the offsets.

Printed Full-size Patterns

The most foolproof method of obtaining the shapes of parts is the printed full size pattern. If the patterns come folded, remove the creases by gently pressing with a warm, dry iron. Patterns should not be cut out since they are not normally printed on paper that is stable or heavy enough to be used as templates. Patterns for individual parts are transferred directly to the lumber. Tack or tape the pattern in place on the wood, then transfer the lines to the wood using one of the transfer methods discussed below.

For structures that require assembly, transfer the patterned shapes to the lumber selected for the parts and also to a layout board (a sheet of plywood with one smooth side, large enough to accommodate all the patterns). The layout board provides a surface that is stable enough to stand up to the rigors of fitting and assembling of parts. It's a good idea to paint the plywood surface with flat white paint so the marks will show better. The patterns for all the frames, etc, are usually superimposed on the same grid, so to avoid confusion colored pencils can be used to distinguish them. If patterns show only the outside contour of a part (a frame, for example), refer to the specifications to determine the width of material required.

Start by drawing the horizontal and vertical reference lines on the layout board exactly as they appear on the plans. The vertical reference line is usually the centerline and the horizontal reference line can be the designed base line, a waterline or a jig or setup line. It doesn't matter which, as long as the same line is used for all the patterns. Check with a framer's square or measured diagonals to be sure the reference lines are exactly 90° to each other. Align the paper pattern on the layout board by extending the reference lines to the edges of the paper with a straight edge and lining those up with the lines on the layout board.

Another way to align the pattern is to cut a small sighting hole where the two reference lines cross and center the pattern references on the cross hairs of the layout board. Then cut sighting holes at the extreme ends of the pattern reference lines and align them with the references on the board. Use weights, tacks or tape to hold the pattern in place, then transfer the drawings of all parts to the layout board using one of the transfer method below.

Make sure to mark all the important reference points to be transferred to the various parts. These will include cross spall positions, centerline location, plank positions and any other clues that help recreate the boat in real life.

Transfer Methods

Carbon Paper: This transfer method is simple and direct and works well but may require lots of carbon paper. Place carbon paper wherever a line needs to be transferred and mark with a hard sharp pencil. There is no need to make a continuous line, dashes every inch or two will work as long as all the contours are accurately indexed. Curved parts will need marks at closer intervals to get a true profiles of the parts. For economy of space and paper, full size patterns are usually provided as half patterns for frames, molds, transoms and other parts that are symmetrical about the centerline.

Half patterns can be transferred by placing a double layer of carbon paper between the pattern and the layout board, bottom layer with carbon side down and top layer with carbon side up. This transfers the lines to the layout board while duplicating the lines on the backside of the half pattern for laying down the other half of the pattern.

Awl or Sharp-pointed Instrument: Prick through the pattern at convenient intervals then join the marks with pencil lines.

Pattern Wheel Tracing over the lines with a pattern wheel makes a series of closely spaced indentations.

Measured or Dimensioned Drawings: When the pieces to be reproduced are of simple form, with straight lines, as in skiff frames, transom, building molds, etc, there is no need for the designer to provide full size patterns. The measured drawing does the same thing but requires transferring the measurements to a layout board and/or lumber, depending on the structure. Of course, since reproducing the part is done from the information provided on the plans, double check all measurements for accuracy.

For structures that are made up of several pieces, mark and cut the individual parts using the measurements and also draw that structure on the layout board for assembly purposes. Again, since not working from patterns, carefully check all measurements.

(Illustration 1)

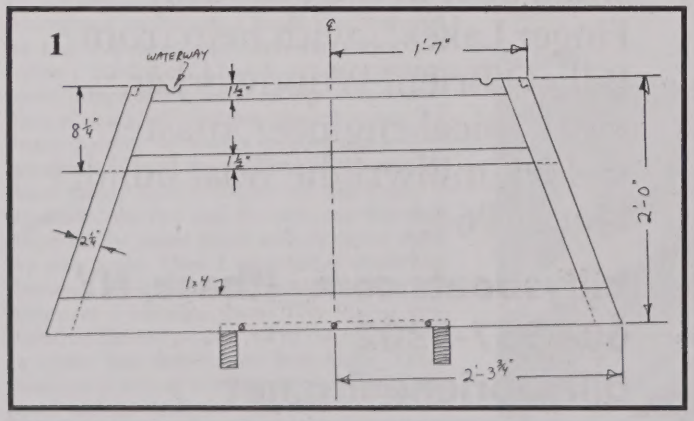
Offsets

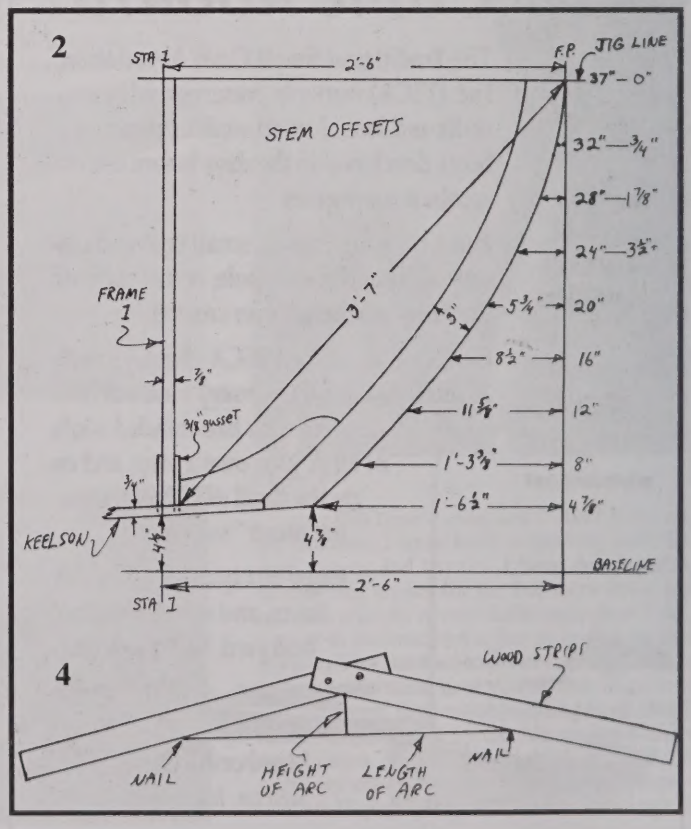
In some cases, the designer may elect to represent a curved piece such as a rudder or stem as a drawing with dimensions given as offsets from a baseline and perpendicular. The baseline and perpendicular may be random lines used solely for recreating the part, or they may be reference lines that are part of the boat plans, which will be used in setting up and aligning that part on the framework and jig. (Illustration 2)

Panel Layout

For large parts made from sheet material (the sides of a plywood skiff, for example), the panel layout is a fast and accurate way to duplicate the scaled drawing. It is much better than the huge full size pattern that would otherwise be required, and more accurate than using pieced together patterns. Like the other types of patterns already mentioned you can assume that you are transferring measurements from a drawing that has been faired and proven accurate by the designer. The procedure for this amethod is detailed in the planking chapter.

(Illustration 3)

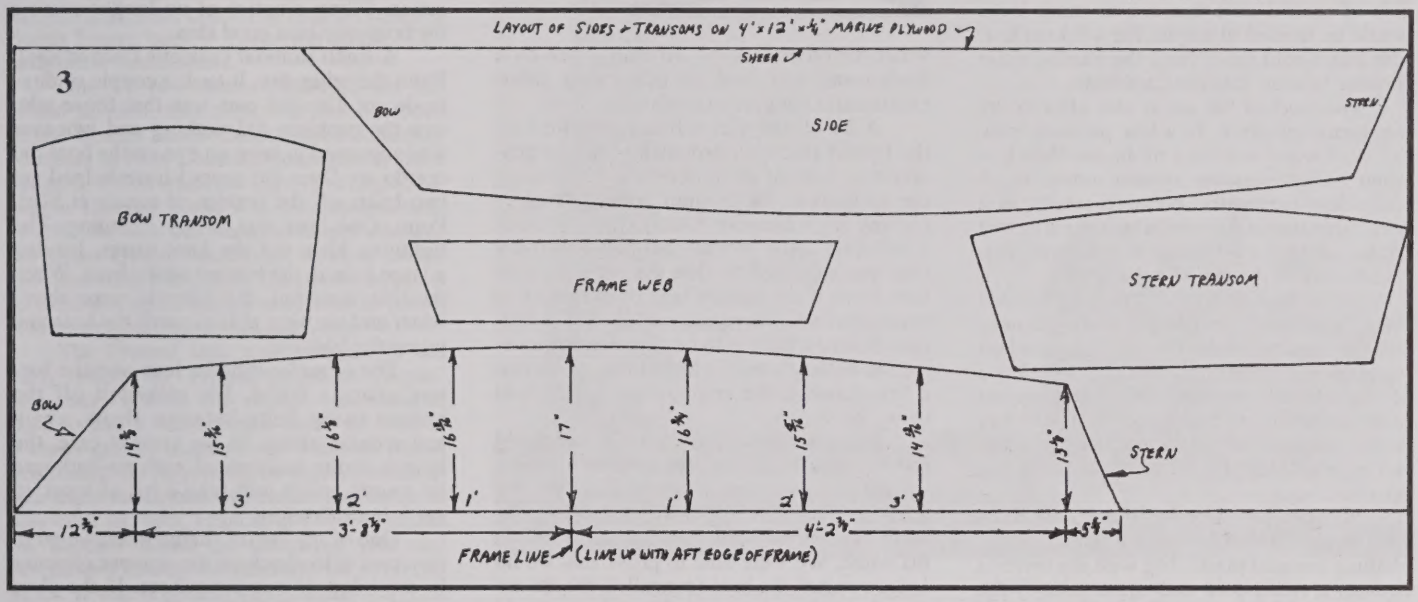




Large Radius Arcs

Some boat parts (transom crowns are a good example) require cutting large radius arcs. These can be laid out with trammel points on a long beam (often 8' or longer) but are a nuisance to set up in a cramped shop. The simple jig diagrammed below does this job quickly and efficiently and requires only two nails and two strips of wood or plywood. Start by driving nails at both ends of the overall length of the arc (the nails act as guides and are set only deep enough so they don't wiggle). Connect the nails with a straight line then draw a perpendicular line at the center point. Mark the height of the arc on this line. Position the wood strips so they contact the nails and intersect at the point designating the height. Fasten the strips together with screws or hot glue. Hold a pencil point at the intersection and slide the jig along the nails both ways to describe a perfect arc.

(Illustration 4)



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From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

The sea is not level. No, I am not writing about the projected rise in the sea level. I am writing about today. At one time there was some serious discussion about a sea level canal from the Caribbean to the Pacific. A major problem that was discovered is that the Pacific "sea level" is a bit higher than that in the Caribbean. There was enough difference (not counting the tidal range on the Pacific side of around 20') that one or more locks would be needed to negate the 4-6 knot current that would result from the Pacific water flowing "down" into the Caribbean.

The level of the sea is also affected by barometric pressure. In a low pressure area, the local water will be a bit higher than it is when a high pressure system moves in. A really low barometric pressure results in a noticeable rise in the sea (think the surge that comes in with a hurricane's very low pressure system in the eye of the storm).

I have read an article or two on the need for a "ditch bag" that holds what one consider necessary to take along when abandoning ship. After hearing about the experience of a couple of people who had their ditch bag ready and then were separated from the bag due to circumstances and ended up in a life raft with nothing, I have decided that revise my ditch bag.

If things look like I will need my ditch bag, there will be in an inside pocket of my clothing a sealed plastic bag with my driver's license, a credit card and some cash. If the ditch bag and I stay together, all is well. If not, at least I have something to prove who I am and the ability to pay for a room and food while things get sorted out.

While it will not fit in a life raft, there is a solar still designed for developing countries that on a good day will make five liters (a little over a gallon) of drinking water. Such a device might be of interest to those on long cruises or who might have need for drinking water for other reasons. To learn more on a fresh water still, look at: http://www.gabrielediamanti.com/projects/eliodomestico.

A lot of material is being published on the hybrid electrical propulsion system possibilities. One of the problems with some of the systems is the lithium polymer battery (or any high capacity battery). In one case, a software error in the charging controller that was supposed to shut the charging system down if the battery was overcharged or reached a certain temperature failed. The failure allowed a battery to be overcharged, raising the battery's temperature to the point that a fire started in the engine room of the boat using the system.

Many years ago, my partner and I sold our Ranger 26. About a year after the sale, I received a phone call from a lawyer for a marina. It seems the boat was still in our name. The buyer never transferred the title to his name. We were able to prove that we no longer owned the boat (cancelled checks are nice from time to time) although we could have retrieved the boat if we had paid the yard storage bill.

I sold a car only to have the same thing happen with the title. I received a phone call from the sheriff's office about the car. I had my signed bill of sale to show them and that was the end of that problem. The last time we sold a car I made sure that the sale was registered with the motor vehicle people ("Notice of Sale") so whether or not the title was transferred by the new owner, I was not on record as the "owner."

In Florida, I found out that the same type of action is available to boat owners. A sale can be recorded whether the new owner completes the transfer of title action or not. Thus, if things go wrong one should be protected from third-party lawsuits or law enforcement action. Filing a notice of no longer owning the boat may be a good idea.

A small sailboat sank at a float at Shell Point the other day. It took a couple of days to do so. The sad part was that those who saw the problem did nothing and whoever was supposed to keep an eye on the boat did not do so. Over the years I have helped get two boats off the bottom of canals at Shell Point. One boat was hit by lightning. The lightning blew out the knot meter, leaving a large hole in the bottom of the boat. When the tide went out, the gunnels were above water and we were able to patch the hole and pump the boat out.

The other boat had a leak and the battery charger failed. We picked it off the bottom using belts between floats, chain and a come-along. In the current case, the boat is in the main canal with no outboard tie points and it will take a bit of work to get it back floating.

One of my "to do" items when we go to the coast is to check on the amount of water in the bilge of our powerboat. If the float switch is horizontal, I know that the system is working and/or there has not been any water added to the bilge from leaks or rain.

I also manually check the float switch to make sure it is working. To do so, I have a stick the right length with a nail sideways at one end of the stick. I reach down with the stick, hook the float switch arm and raise it up. If the bilge pump comes on, I know that all is working properly.

100+Years Ago

By John F. Mohr IV

This photo was taken 1900-1910 near Stillwater, Minnesota, on the Apple River which flows into the St Croix River (bordering Minnesota/Wisconsin). The persons in the photos are Charlie Mohr and family. The boat was built by his brother, Henry Mohr. The Mohrs came from Kiel, Germany, specifically the Kiel Canal area. The information passed down was the Mohr family were ship builders in Kiel, which probably accounts for my brother's and mine interest in boats, specifically wooden boats.

My brother Scott (Seattle, Washington) and I (Burnsville, Minnesota) have both built 13' garveys. My brother uses his 13' garvey, *Craby Patty,* for checking his crab traps. He has built several wooden canoes and a couple of sea going kayaks. I use mine for recreation and some fishing/camping. I have a 1918 wooden 17' Old Town canoe that I still use and maintain.

What If?

By Dan Rogers
DANASHORE@conceptcable.com

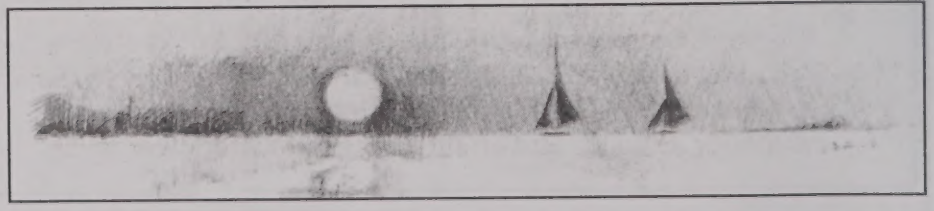
What if bending on and raising mainsails (that must be removed from the mast and boom for reasons like lowering and stowing) was accomplished much like snapping in a banana clip and let 'er fly? This question assumes one additional caveat. Said main must be fed into a mast groove and attached via plastic slugs. A luff rope, and maybe not external track slides, won't work for this version of the Great Leap Forward.

On *Lady Bug*, I have to wrestle with an oversize main that has more spines than a Maine lobster, a full-battened Hobie 14 sail, originally. Getting all those pre-tensioned battens into the mast groove and keeping the whole shebang from grabbing every shroud, halyard, topping lift, lazy jack and stocking hat in reach is more than a little complicated. I've already tried all the easy and otherwise obvious methods. I need about four hands to keep it all going together and not falling out someplace part way up. Anyhow.

My basic notion is a sort of box (probably from an aluminum extrusion) that all the slugs drop into and pull out of. It could be as simple as a piece of square tubing with a slot cut up one side. Maybe a section from a "donor mast." I'm thinking it would work like shoving rounds down into a .45 clip.

Even a non-fully battened sail could benefit from this idea. Pull the sail out of the bag and be able to start raising it immediately. This could cut down the time getting underway and getting stowed for trailer sailers. I'm thinking that reefing could benefit as well. It would certainly simplify stowage in the itty bitty cabin and/or lazarette of most trailer sailing boats. Much the same concept as a spinnaker launching bag, where one really only needs access to the corners of the sail, and rest follows along peaceably.

I thought I'd send this hosanna moment idea around in case somebody else has already made one, found one, seen one or given up on one ever working. It's for the good of the order.



Save the Cape Ann Light

Gloucester's Cape Ann Museum and the Thacher Island Association are pleased to be working together to bring the first order Fresnel lens, once housed in Thacher Island's South Tower, back to Cape Ann on the Massachusetts North Shore.

One of two lenses installed on the island in 1861, this particular one has been at the United States Coast Guard Academy Museum in New London, Connecticut, since the early 1980s when the Cape Ann Light Station at Thacher Island was decommissioned. In 2011 the lens was dismantled and stored at the Coast Guard's curatorial services center in Forestville, Maryland. They have no plans to exhibit it again and have offered to return it to its original home on Cape Ann.

The Fresnel lens was invented in the early 1820s by French physicist Augustine-Jean Fresnel. His design concentrated light to cast a beam which could be seen at a much greater distance. On Thacher Island this meant the light could be seen 22 miles at sea, triple the distance of earlier apparatus. It was built in Paris, France, in 1860, installed on Thacher Island the following year and served as a beacon for mariners for over 120 years. It was originally lit by whale oil, then by lard oil and eventually by kerosene (mineral oil). It was electrified in 1932 and ultimately removed by the Coast Guard in 1980. The shining lens stands 10' tall and 6' in diameter and is comprised of over a thousand glass prisms set in a bronze frame. It weighs just over a ton.

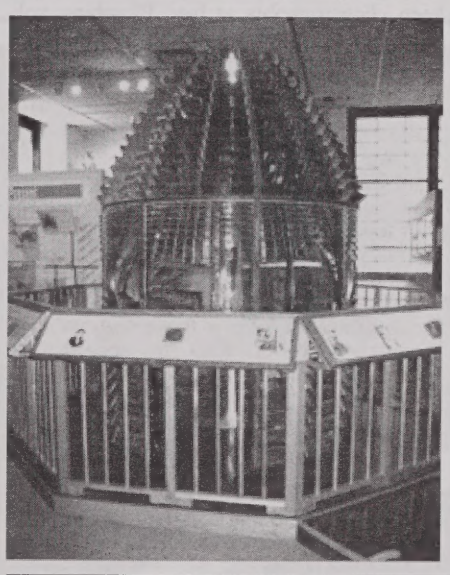
First order Fresnel lenses are extremely rare. There are only 39 in the country, three of which are in New England. The only other one in Massachusetts is at the Martha's Vineyard Museum in Edgartown.

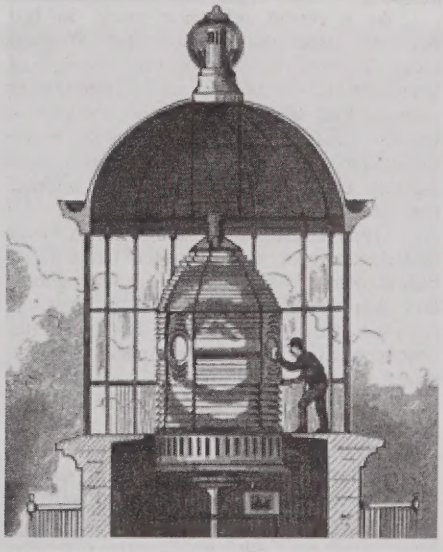
Upon returning to Cape Ann, the lens will require conservation treatment estimated to take two weeks and cost approximately $75,000. A joint fundraising program has been initiated by the Cape Ann Museum and the Thacher Island Association to meet this need. The work will be done in one of the Museum galleries where the public will have access to view the process. The project has already received a grant in the amount of $10,000 and both groups are working together to seek additional support.

The Cape Ann Museum was founded in 1873. In addition to being a preeminent art museum with the single largest collection of paintings by Gloucester native Fitz Henry Lane, it houses an extensive marine artifacts collection devoted to the area's fishing and maritime heritage. The Museum welcomes over 20,000 visitors annually and strives to enhance the public's knowledge and enjoyment of Cape Ann history and art.

The Thacher Island Association was formed in 1980 and has raised over $1.9 million since 1998 for restoration work. In addition to overseeing Thacher Island, the Association has recently assumed stewardship of the Straitsmouth Island lighthouse. The Association is well experienced in restoration projects and has collaborated with the Massachusetts Historical Commission, National Park Service, US Fish & Wildlife Service, US Coast Guard, various state and federal agencies, historic consultants and architects on a wide variety of projects on both islands.

The Cape Ann Museum and the Thacher Island Association believe that the successful completion of this important project will not only preserve a historically significant artifact but also reinforce and celebrate Cape Ann's maritime heritage. Anyone interested in learning more about this project or in making a contribution should contact the Cape Ann Museum, Fresnel Lens Restoration Committee, 27 Pleasant St, Gloucester, MA 01930, or the Thacher Island Association, Box 73, Rockport, MA 01966.





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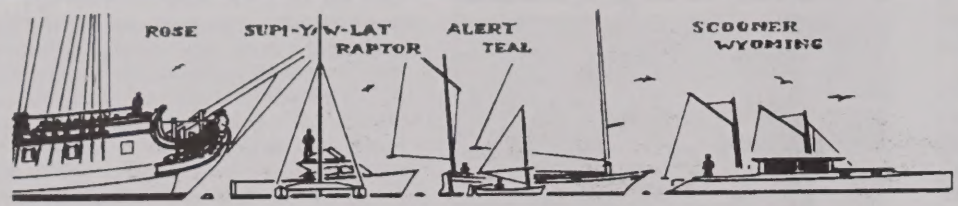

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Preliminary Study "ISO-40 Cruiser"

39'x7'5"x2x25hp
(February 2011)

Here is another bit of time away from SACPAS-3, except that this Concept Study is also based on the requirement to fit inside an ISO-40' shipping container for shipping worldwide or just very well protected storage locally. With a global network of supporting infrastructure and vast numbers of the boxes (the containers, not the boats) for sale, lease or rent, extending the thinking underlying SACPAS-3 towards a displacement speed (8kts) cruiser is an obvious reflex.

Here the clients had had an eye on a comfortable canal/inshore cruiser, roadable on occasion to rapidly shift to other cruising territories, and they had come to Gloucester to visit the SACPAS-3 Project. To their extensive cruising experience aboard a range of craft they had recently added some time aboard one of those unusual English Narrow Boats, indeed very narrow at typically well under 7' beam to fit through an ancient system of canals and locks that served as the heavy lift cargo conveyor in past centuries, peaking in performance just as railroads would come to mature into superior competition. Their apparently happy time aboard this distinct type suggested that going long and narrow to fit inside a container would be one of the options worthy of exploration.

As a recent reference mark, in last August's issue we looked at the "Windermere 38" Study which featured a range of attributes we see here as well. Temporarily named "ISO-40 Cruiser," this concept, for instance, shares the drive train, aims for no more than 8kts and should serve to be reasonably comfortable for two with another two visiting for a day or two.

Overall this concept is narrower, lower and thus lighter, with a somewhat simpler hull structure using the V-nose bow geometry shared across a number of our designs for well over the last decade. Being slighter overall, she has less storage capacity and volumes. But by keeping her fuel tanks outside of the accommodations, the significant volume under her master berth remains uncluttered. And of lighter build, she'll move along burning less fuel.

Her layout reflects the hard dictates of the container dimensions. Losing a foot of beam down to 7' hull width gross is noticeable throughout her accommodations. Forward two one-plus-one dinette setups offer four folks reasonable comfort to get together for chatting and dining. The forward seats swivel 180° to serve as navigator seat to port and helm seat to starboard. Standing room at the narrow helm station is around 6'3". These clients tend to work hand in hand to share in boat handling and navigating and thus insist on side by side positions.

The galley is not too bad with a solid 3'7" base and matching hanging cabinets, plus a flip-up 1' extension aft and the option of folding forward the seatback to add another 2' at an overall depth of some 25".

Across the centerline the head/wet cell measures some 60" by a narrow 26" offering a toilet aft, shower/tub as floor space and a decent sink forward, the window should keep claustrophobia at bay. Plumbing volumes will be limited for fresh water and grey water tanks but is likely competitive with what folks find acceptable for a week or two of miserly autonomy, the roof would offer additional water collection.

And note the bookshelves on the forward wall of the head. Books and a rack for reading devices, plus a few square feet for stuff to keep handy add to both utility and the livability of this limited space, she is after all much narrower than even most RVs.

The 6'8"x4'6" bed aft should work for folks still in love or those with no such thoughts whatever, with life aboard supported by the about 60 cubic feet of stowage volume underneath and the two full height hanging and shelved lockers measuring about 2'x2'.

Further aft we find the two 50gal fuel tanks flanking the two 25hp large prop outboards; another 55gal tank is under the bow cockpit to result in decent cruising range on that modest power.

Two 25hp large prop four-stroke outboards are shown, putting more propeller blade area in the water than a single 50hp would for likely better efficiency. In canal-duty, retracting one and running on just the other engine will suffice for smoothing along at best fuel efficiency. The addition of plywood cheeks to enlarge the outboards' lower units' steering effectiveness might be worth pursuing.

For likely greater mileage yet a 30-45hp Diesel driving a 14" prop I/O drive unit would allow turning large alternators to power a/c, windlass, boat hoist and feed large house battery banks for extended silence on anchor hidden in an oxbow, a bayou or tidal backwater.

The flush after deck surface over tanks and engines measures some 5' in length and about 6'9" in beam, just big enough to put four folding chairs and small table or two out there, umbrella optional.

Behind the after deck, there is the option of carrying a foldup davit that can secure ready to go a 6'6"x 4' Shoebox derivative (Design #539) good enough for two adults and a 2hp outboard. Having a dedicated location for a dink really matters across a range of conditions, with most open water passages fine with the boat hanging as shown, ready to be pulled up higher yet via the hinged davit beams. To reduce overall length in locks or marinas, pulling everything up vertical and forward even would bring everything to within her 39' hard length.

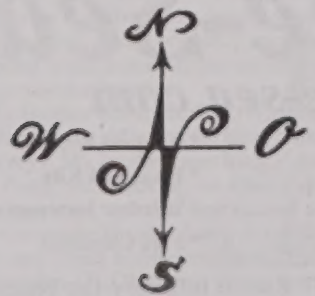
The bow cockpit offers reasonable clearances for two seats, a power capstan for a 45lb plow anchor, volumes for line and chain, access to her stemhead for best mooring bit control plus two 20lb propane tanks under those seats. The two integrated catheads are desirable to brace the bow cockpit as serious spray rails and, of course, to allow dropping that serious anchor free and clear without immediate risk of damage to the hull.

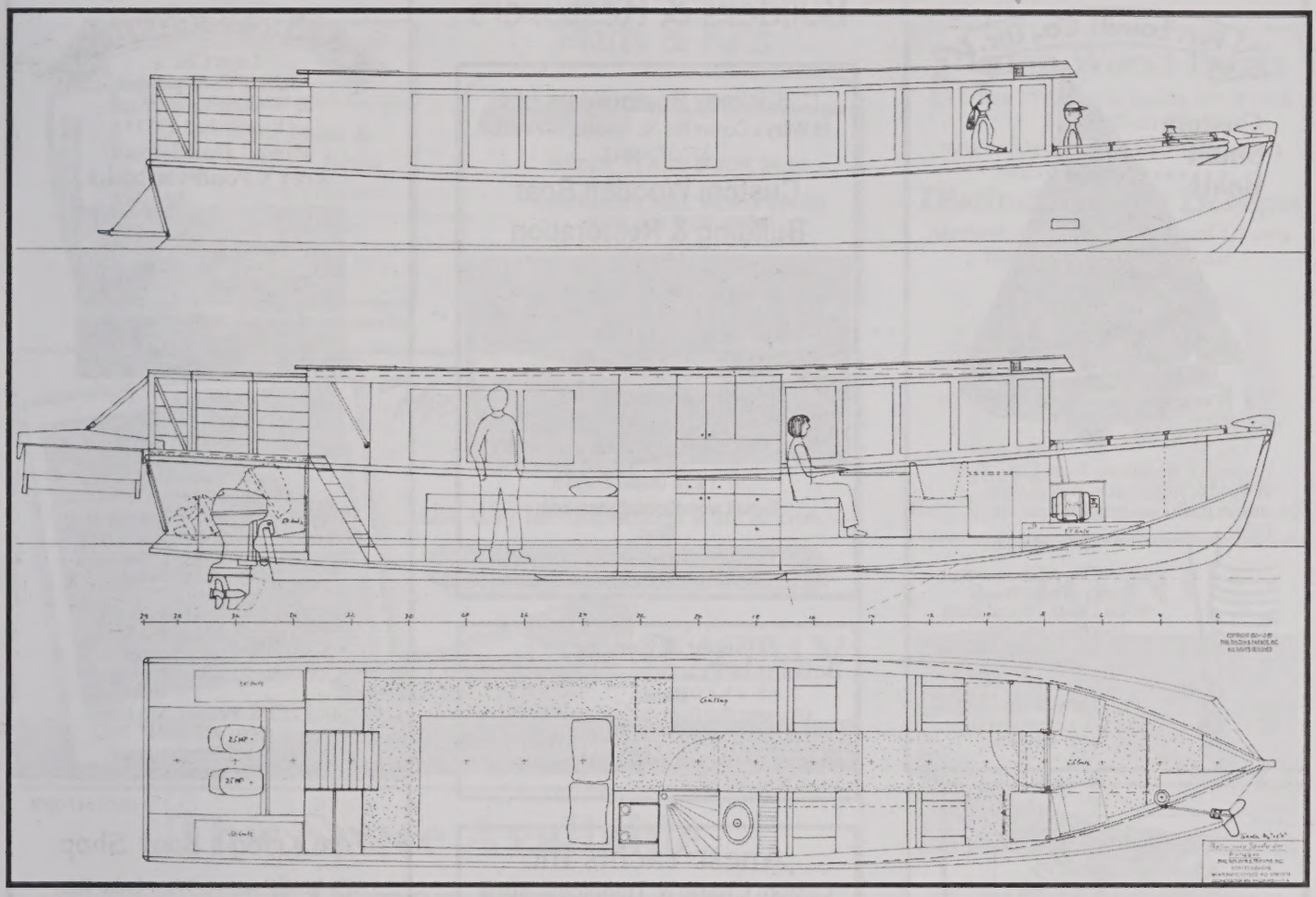
While SACPAS-3 benefits tactically from being stowed inside the container in a ready to go status, this concept study assumes a bit more time to prep her for stowage. For instance, while structurally and ergonomically having a flat roof structure offer the best compromise, you could argue about the looks on top of a decent sheer and her bow and stern profiles. One option shown here is the multi piece visor approach that would hide the flat top behind a sweeping set of panels that also keeps the boathook from rolling off, but can be unbolted along with the light boards in an hour or two to bring her overall height down to 7'3". Obviously, a range of visor flavors could be fooled around with to match personal preferences.

While her dimensions are pretty much in the box, her empty weight is not quite defined yet. Perfectly plausible on this shape would be 8,000lbs wet and loaded for the cruise.

This is not a set of plans yet, pending further decision by clients and PB&F. But picture her sitting quietly (and securely) anywhere in some nondescript 40' container, whether stowed on the cheap on your property, in a container yard, here or on the other side of the world. Shipping the box by rail and truck allows opening up all coasts and banks, salt water or fresh, on this continent within a matter of days. Europe, the Med, Japan's Inland Sea, Chinese Rivers, the Chilean archipelago, Mother Ganga within weeks. And when the trip is done, she gets locked away securely again until you are sure where to take her next. Clearly not a new idea but in a particularly useful layout here with a pleasant appearance to boot.

And quite buildable, as I know from SACPAS-3.





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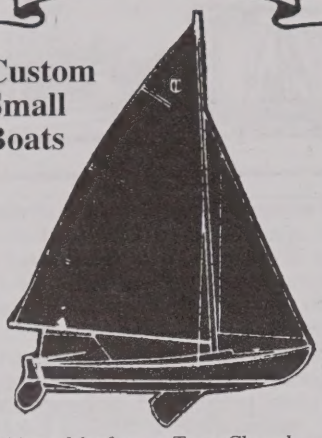

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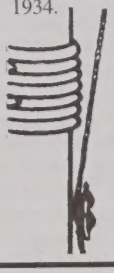

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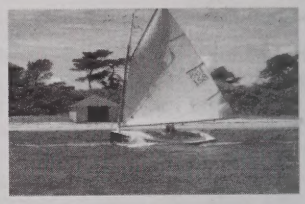

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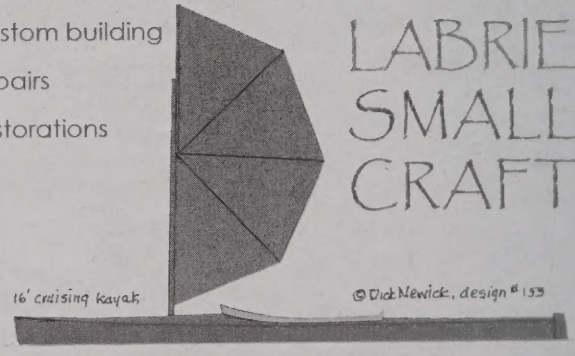

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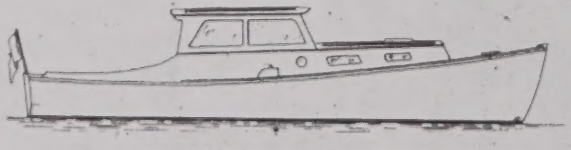

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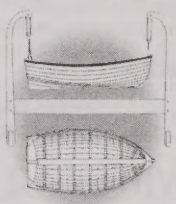

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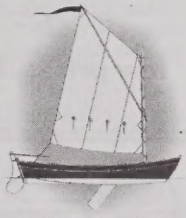

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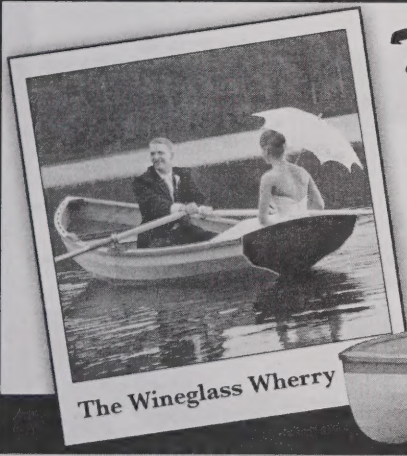

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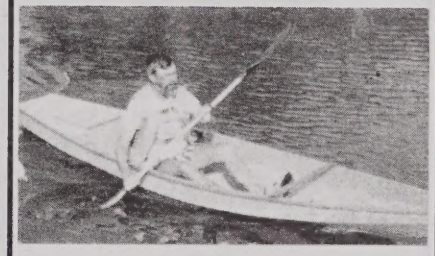

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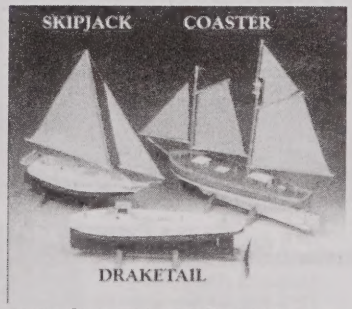

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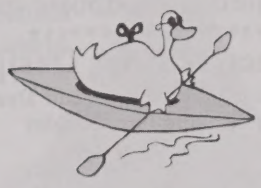

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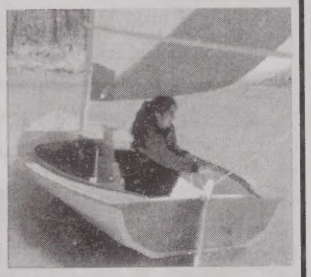

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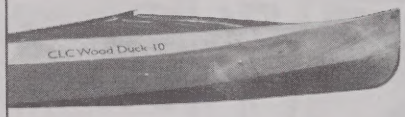

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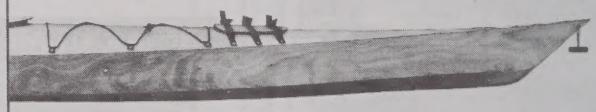

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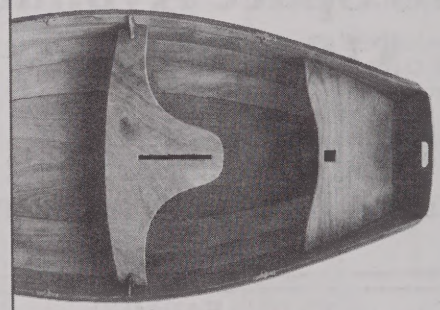

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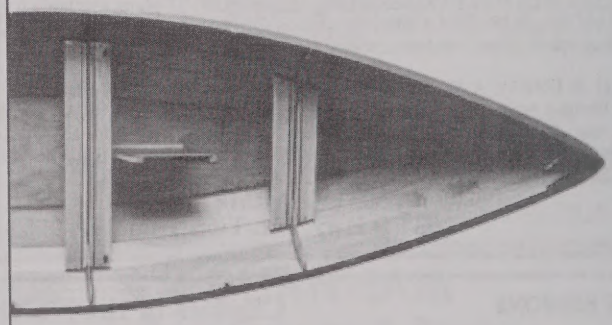

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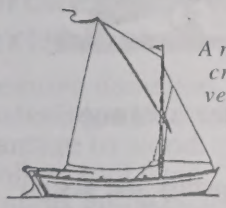

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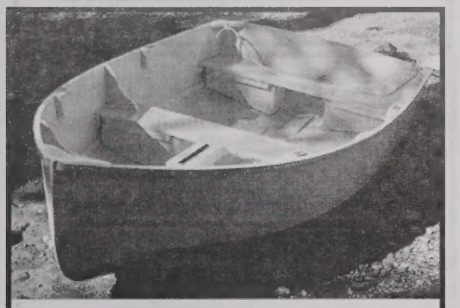

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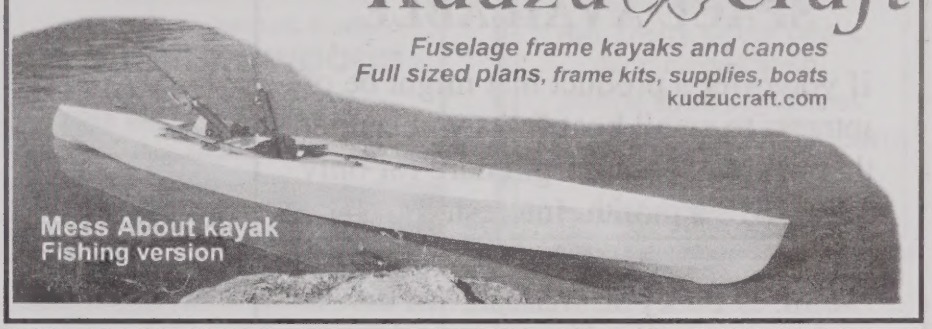

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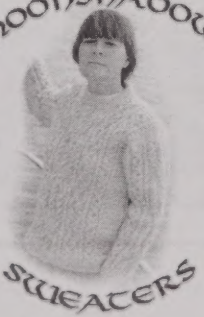

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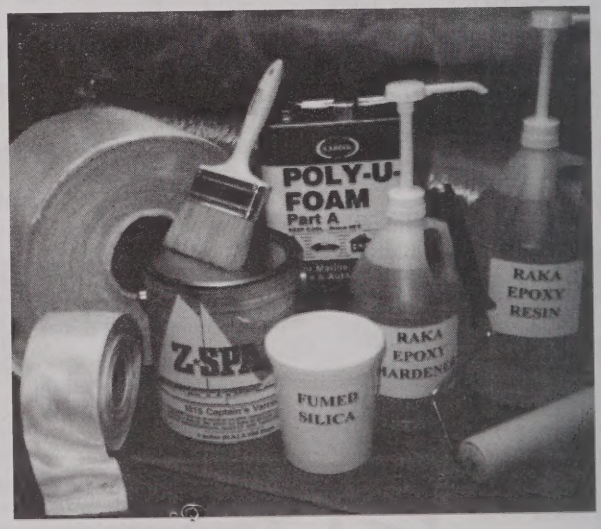

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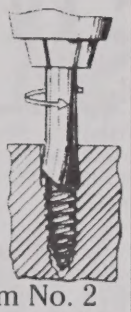

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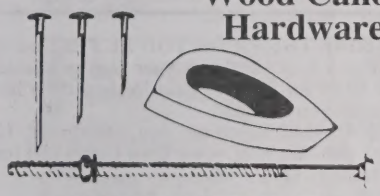

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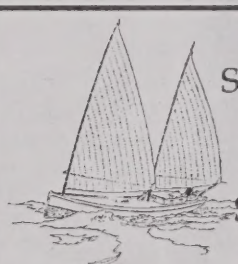

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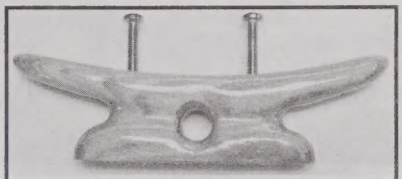

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Feb 28-Mar 3 Baltimore Boat Show Baltimore MD
Mar 8-10 Canoecopia, Madison, WI
Mar 15-17 Maine Boatbuilder's Show, Portland, ME

Jake Lemon, a customer from Idaho, sent in the above photo. If your sense of geography or zoology is somewhat flummoxed, know that the photo wasn't taken in Idaho, it was taken near Sitka, Alaska. Jake's boat, a 14' Vermont Fishing Dory had never been in the ocean, never even in salt water. But...an opportunity arose and Jake put the boat on his Honda and headed out. Cutting across British Columbia, Jake figured he'd spend 9 days rowing and camping along Sitka Sound. Humpback whales often do the same. Jake heard them breathing every night. This was by far the closest encounter he had with one of the 50,000 lb leviathans. They blow every 50 yards, in sequences of 4. This was this whale's 3rd blow. Had it taken a 4th gulp of air, he or she would have been wearing Jake and his dory for a hat.

On another day a Coast Guard rescue helicopter hovered nearby, only Jake's waved hand and thumbs up signal sent the chopper back to its base. If you would like to read the story Jake wrote, send an e-mail and we'll send it along with photos. One of the photos is an out of focus grizzly, who, having ignored bear spray, waved arms, stamped feet and an air horn, was finally convinced that Jake's camp wasn't so interesting when a flare gun's flare smacked him on the rump. Jake, seeing the flare bounce off and sizzle on the ground, was relieved to see that he hadn't set the bear on fire. He then continued on with his day. Be assured, should you acquire one of our boats, you aren't required to go out and do such things. But, isn't it nice to know that you could?